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***THE EXCELLENT BECOMES
THE PERMANENT***

*The Excellent Becomes
The Permanent*

By
JANE ADDAMS

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1932

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TO
ALICE HAMILTON

*whose wisdom and courage have never failed
when we have walked together so many times
in the very borderland between life and death.*

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INTRODUCTION

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

IN selecting for publication these few memorial addresses from a portfolio containing notes and manuscripts of many such, delivered at various times during a long residence in Chicago, I am conscious of at least two motives. The first is to make a reply, if only to myself, to that oft-repeated magazine questionnaire and to the queries of others by word of mouth and by letter as to "What do you believe?" "What is your attitude toward the future life?" It is possible that an honest answer to such questions may be found through the recorded reactions in those first black days of sorrow, following the death of a dear friend. I will confess that I am somewhat surprised by the testimony which may be elicited from the following pages. But even allowing that at such times pity and affection push our words beyond the limits of

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conviction, it may be that our minds are thus illumined and that "against our will comes wisdom to us by the awful grace of God."

It is at such moments that we all instinctively fling our feeble challenge into the unknown, perhaps in the yearning mood of one who wrote:

Ye old, old dead, and ye of yester night,
Chieftains and bards and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that ye had
Loose me from tears and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;
Homer his sight, David his little lad.

This desire for the fulfillment of frustrated hopes, the old wishful remaking of reality to suit the human heart, is almost universal. There is something very natural and touching in this eager determination to hold fast to a link which shall unite those who live in time and space with those who dwell in the timeless unseen. It may have an historic background as definite as the myth of Osiris, which evidently embodied that transitory memory of continuous life which has haunted mankind for centuries or, as innumerable shrines and temples throughout the world testify, the

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hopes of mankind for immortality may have grown from the simple desire that the memory of the beloved creature should not pass from the earth, should not be forgotten from the ways of living men.

And yet we know that the belief in such possibilities fluctuates from generation to generation. It has been pointed out that our own generation is much less interested in a future life than were our immediate predecessors. The letters of soldiers in the World War "going west" have been contrasted to the letters of their soldier grandfathers which were so confident of a known and charted future. But when we deplore that our assurance is less and that we are but scantily compensated by our larger tolerance, we forget that adaptation is always taking place in every field and that the modern world in its flux and complexity, the current temper with its disillusionment and bafflement, is naturally seeking its own adjustment.

This is true in spite of the fact that masses of Christians, both Catholic and Protestant, hold fast to the faith of their fathers and accept without question a belief in personal

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immortality and that this belief, with modifications, is shared by adherents of other faiths.

The change which has taken place may be in part the result of the conviction of many of our contemporaries that the world must be faced with a knowledge of its actuality. They are stoutly convinced that there is no avenue of truth—whether we call it scientific or religious in that curious disconnection which the Victorians so needlessly instituted and then found so bewildering—save through observation and experiment. Ideals are “true” in the definition of William James in that they have been “assimilated, validated, corroborated, and verified in experience,” that they are fruits for life. A fine reward awaits a transfigured few who live up to this conviction, when they find that the culmination of man’s search for the highest values does not lead to a house of dreams, but that, having climbed above the fogs, they see before them actual mountains whose glistening summits reflect a light more beautiful than the incandescence of man’s imagination with which they sternly refused to be content.

Apparently the same spirit of realism which

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urges us to know life as it is lived all about us continues even in the awe-inspiring presence of death, in the midst of wreckage and grim suffering. I was once summoned to a Chicago hospital by a woman who, twenty-four hours before, had lost her children in a hideous fire. She herself had been badly burned and I could see nothing of her face but two gleaming eyes at the bottom of a well of bandages and distorted lips through which came in husky whispers, "Do you believe in immortality? Please be sincere with me. I cannot endure any more empty words." And then even more wearily, "I beg of you, do not try to comfort me." As I visited my new-found friend through the days of her convalescence when I often found her devoutly reading her worn Prayer Book and her Bible, she seemed to me a living demonstration of the refusal to be content with a mere mechanism of escape from reality, which she suspected to have been made to the order of man's desires.

It is also possible that a certain modern indifference to individual survival may arise from the preoccupation of our generation

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with social conditions and the overwhelming desire to better them. We may have become so utterly disheartened with our inadequacy to marshal the moral forces capable of breaking what must be broken and of building what must be built; to reconstruct our social relationships through a regeneration of the human heart; to repair a world shattered by war and sodden with self-seeking; to establish moral control over a mass of mechanical achievements, that we have carelessly assumed that personal immortality is irrelevant. It may also be possible that we are stirred by a secret fear that such a belief may divert our scanty store of moral energy, as has already occurred in other centuries, when men neglected great human tasks because they were absorbed in preparations for eternity. At any rate for the moment we have forgotten that "a store of ideas, born of the need to make tolerable the helplessness of man and built out of the material offered by memories of helplessness of his own childhood and the childhood of the race" are discoveries as valuable as any others to be found in a whole-hearted search for truth.

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I venture to hope therefore that these few pages may prove of interest when, in the mood so natural to our generation with its insistence upon the scientific method, we become impatient of incertitudes and sentimentalities; or when our absorption in great causes tends to belittle the importance of individual survival.

And yet even so slight a treatment of the great theme as this book affords cannot ignore the history of man's most cherished doctrine and his unceasing endeavor to penetrate into the unseen. I have ventured therefore to include a brief record of it through the reactions which came to me one winter in Egypt when I gradually discovered that my earliest experiences connected with death had been set down so poignantly upon the walls of temples and tombs, that at times my adult intelligence was overwhelmed by the primitive emotions of a small child with whom I was no longer familiar and who was certainly not responsible for my mature convictions.

I have added this record with a certain risk of breaking continuity, but I shall be rewarded, and in addition be most fortunate, if

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a reading of this final chapter should result in the tolerant temper supposed to be induced by the historic perspective.

The second motive for the publication of this little book is a desire to preserve, in a more permanent form than fugitive addresses offer, something of the personalities of a few people in various ways identified with the early efforts at Hull-House. It has seemed barely possible that assembling *sub specie eternitatis*, as it were, the records of these lifelong comrades, so diverse in their interests and yet so united in a devotion to the newer social ethic, might freshly reveal ultimate purposes to us, the survivors, if we "remember not that they are dead but contrariwise that they have lived: that hereby the brotherly force and flow of their action and work may be carried over the gulfs of death and made immortal in the life which they worthily had and used."

While such memorials are necessarily very personal, I hope that they have a quality sufficiently universal to be of interest to those beyond the range of acquaintance.

The chapters follow a general chronologi-

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cal order on the slender chance that life itself may have brought increasing wisdom to their author.

Jenny Dow Harvey, as an ardent volunteer, founded and conducted the first Hull-House kindergarten and became our interpreter to a wide circle of friends.

Mrs. Charles Mather Smith was an early friend to our Music School and its faculty, as she was for many years to all the broadening activities of Hull-House.

Henry Demarest Lloyd throughout his life as a citizen and publicist was a valiant defender of democracy embodied in governmental institutions. He lived at Hull-House during the last summer of his life, having preceded his family to Chicago in order to study a crisis in the traction situation and to make friends for municipal ownership.

Alice Kellogg Tyler was the first of the Chicago artists who have so lavishly given their services to Hull-House.

One memorial is for a child, Gordon Dewey, for whom a service was held in the Hull-House theater while his parents were still abroad. The place was filled, not only

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with their friends but with his own as well. I recall my gratitude that afternoon to a member of the philosophy department of the University of Chicago who, although his words were naturally centered upon the child of his colleague, interpreted for us the many promising children we had known at Hull-House whose brief lives had been prematurely extinguished.

Judge Tuley, we found in our very first days at Hull-House, was well known among the poor and helpless of Chicago, who believed that when their causes came before him they secured a full opportunity for the assertion of their rights. We were much touched when Judge Tuley early recognized the Settlement as an ally in his great effort.

Joseph Tilton Bowen with his wife Louise de Koven Bowen were staunch friends of Hull-House during various periods of stress and public difficulty. Mrs. Bowen, who has been treasurer of our board for many years, has associated her husband's name with a beautiful Country Club which she has given to Hull-House for the use of its neighbors.

Mrs. Wilmarth was a member of our first

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board of trustees and, throughout thirty years, generously understood and interpreted all our trial and error efforts for a wider social justice.

Mrs. Coonley Ward gave her house for a discussion of "Toynbee Hall and Its Off-shoots" in the spring of 1889 when both were considered very strange undertakings. She committed herself to them, then and there, and sustained her interest in them throughout her life.

Samuel A. Barnett was the founder of Toynbee Hall and the originator of the settlement method. His wise counsel during an early visit he and his wife paid to Hull-House had much to do with determining our policies. In time he became to many of us at once the background and strong support of "settlement life which is so curious a mixture of hope and frivolity, of casualness and constant endeavor."

Unlike one another in many ways, certainly the subjects of the ten chapters exemplify the old statement that, though all else may be transitory in human affairs, the excellent must become the permanent.

JENNY DOW HARVEY

CHAPTER II

JENNY DOW HARVEY

IN the presence of a sorrow such as this, in the consciousness that a rare spirit has gone from us while it was still full of sweetness and growth, in the piercing grief that a young mother has left her little children, it takes all of our steadiness and courage to face the mystery of justice—to divine the path wherein lies fortitude and resignation.

It is hard to even associate death with the eager, flamelike spirit of our beloved, and yet she made the only possible preparation for it—that of free and joyous right-living. The minds of all of us here are crowded with sweet memories of her; let us draw together through them and comfort one another as best we may.

Almost exactly fifteen years ago I first saw her when she came to offer her services in

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connection with the House which we were planning. In the midst of my preoccupation I was conscious that I had no right to hope for such quality and charm as this eager young girl was offering. There was something of such exquisite enthusiasm, of desire to know the life of the poor in order to serve them without reservation, of a touching humility in regard to her own powers with a certain proud consciousness that they were too fine to be wasted, such an impatience to know of the larger experience, that she carried with her the very aroma of the Spirit of Youth, to whom the world is wide and for whom all things are possible.

During the next three years we saw her almost daily with the little children of humble people. Her varied gifts, her willingness and her ability to become as a little child among them, her abandon to their interests, her merriment over the discovery made one day quite accidentally that the children thought she was a little girl in a white apron and had never dreamed that she was a "grown lady," all combined to produce the most successful following I have ever known of

Jenny Dow Harvey

Froebel's command "to live with the children."

One recalls those days, with a choking in the throat, as a passing of something which was as touching, and as exquisite as youth itself. This ephemeral quality of her life, the need of shielding and guarding so precious and delicate a thing, her parents felt keenly in those days of her first contact with rougher things. Her father was often a conspirator in innocent plots by which she might be supplied with little comforts, a smoothing of the rude path which she had marked out for herself. Her first scorn when she found this out would inevitably be followed by a quick compunction and a quizzical appreciation of the irrational bond between parent and child.

We can all recall those busy days of preparation which came after the kindergarten days; the frank and joyous acceptance of the highest gift which life can offer to a woman. It seems to me that I have never seen a more simple, high-bred acceptance of life's joys, a more confident going forward to meet them, than was revealed in the establishment of that first home. It was to many of us a revelation

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of time-old experiences lifted up to their highest possibility, and lived out with ardor and inspiration.

Of the later years filled with the duties and the cares of a devoted wife and mother, it is impossible to speak. She traveled the happy road which has been trodden by the willing feet of many women, but I am confident that I speak for most of us in this room when I say that we have never seen more absolute welcome to life's obligations, a more exquisite comradeship between parents and children, a more complete devotion and even gratitude to all that a household of little children implies. The most persistent image of her which has come into my mind during the last sad weeks has been that of a young mother playing a game with an imperious boy of three, not in the abstracted half-hearted manner in which most adults play with children, but with a vividness and gayety almost equal to his own, and yet the game was a mere vehicle for the exquisite affection and appeal with which she enveloped him, dropping it at length in sheer despair because it became overweighted with her love and devotion, and she must seek a

Jenny Dow Harvey

more direct expression. I shall always carry that impression of her as she caught the child in her arms against a background of blue sky reflected in the smooth flowing river.

And yet, although her life was so rich in all the noblest affections, she did not become wholly absorbed in them. She had from girlhood an insatiable hunger of mind which constantly fed itself with high thoughts and good books. We can all recall the keen relish with which she read aloud the pages which had brought her solace or inspiration. Sometimes she would offer gentle apology because the reading was so long, and regret that the books she found satisfying were always "so thick." I remember old discussions in which I pitted Marcus Aurelius against her beloved Emerson, her early enthusiasm over Frederick Garrison's "Meanings of History," with her wonder over the stupidity of a world which learns so hardly the lesson of the past, her quick finding of the best book lying upon one's table, and her instinct for the kernel of its message. She had above all the open mind, the untrammeled searching, ample spirit.

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This was my lady's birth,
God gave her charm and mirth
And laid His whole sweet earth
Between her hands.

She was of those called "the once born," and carried from her childhood a sense of harmony with life, of the joyousness and righteousness of it all; she was not of dual nature, and yet she was no shallow optimist who thinks that all things work together for good without our sincere and unceasing effort. She was quick to be touched by the misery and the grotesqueness of life, and never failed in her gallant effort to make things better. With something of the noble simplicity and naïveté of a fine child she was undismayed by the most complicated situations, and in her enthusiasm for the best educational methods and belief in the reality of social force, she brought to bear not only a clear mind, but that charm and ardor which often attain results when colder methods fail. Her outer behavior but revealed the inner life, for she kept to the end her animation, her elasticity. She was ever a reminder, an earnest, of all that is essential youth.

Jenny Dow Harvey

In a life of blessing and serving, death was crowded out of her thoughts save as she feared it for those she loved—in the words of one of her own sages, “The free man thinks of nothing so little as of death, and his wisdom is a meditation not of death, but of life. That love of action which should put death out of sight is to be counted good, as a holy and healthy thing, necessary to the life of men, serving to knit them together and to advance them in the right.”

And yet we know, now that death has set his seal upon her, that too, in time, must seem gracious and right. We will remember at last that the paramount interest of life, all that makes it lofty and worthy, all that lifts it above the commonplace, lies in the sense of mystery that constantly surrounds it, in the consciousness that each day as it dawns may bring the end either to ourselves or to our best beloved. A great artist in a noble parable has portrayed the experience of a man who, after long searching, discovered the draft of immortal life, the drinking of which would put him beyond the reach of death and enable him to live on from one generation to an-

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other. Before he drains the cup, which will exclude him from the brotherhood of mortals, he looks about him to take final account of the relation between life and death, of the part which the consciousness of death plays in the drama of the world. He discovers, all at once, that life has suddenly grown sordid and shallow when death is taken out of it, that the consciousness of the unknown is all that can give life a meaning and make it in any sense worth living. At last, quite voluntarily and with a prayer that he too may share the great human experience, he spills the contents of his long-sought-for cup upon the ground, and gladly comes into the destiny which envelops us all, into that expectation of death which is indeed not a tragedy but a blessing, the incomparable gift of the Infinite to the mortal.

To you, who have lost a devoted wife, a dear daughter, a sister, a friend, I can only remind you that nothing can really console the heart save the effort we make to fulfill the duties of the heart, and at last we must turn for comfort to her dear children, to the little brother who is "new-born among us." There-

Jenny Dow Harvey

fore at this moment let us quote, not from poems of sorrow, but from that exquisite "Birth Song" of Swinburne:

If death and birth be one
And set with rise of sun,
And truth with dreams divine,
Some word might come with thee
From over the still sea
Deep hid in shade or shine,
Crossed by the crossing sails of death
and birth,
Word of some sweet new thing
Fit for such lips to bring,
Some word of love, some afterthought
of earth.

If love be strong as death,
By what so natural breath
As thine could this be said?
By what so lovely way
Could love send word to say
She lives, and is not dead?

SARAH ROZET SMITH

CHAPTER III

SARAH ROZET SMITH

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE HULL-HOUSE ORGAN

THE craving to perpetuate the memory of one we love, to make tangible and enduring for yet a human span, the personality which has passed from the region of daily intercourse and beyond the reach of household affection is, perhaps, one of the oldest cravings of the hungry human heart.

This desire, this bidding the beloved "to stay a little," has inspired the earliest art, as well as art's highest achievements; it has softened and humanized the primitive religions, and it has also built the myriad churches and cathedrals which fill the larger half of Christendom.

It is man's almost universal admission of the fact that he can hold fast to those things which are eternal, only through the sorrow and weakness of broken human affection.

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Fortunate is that family whose hearts are filled with this old desire, to whom has been given proof not only of family affection and devotion, but evidence also of a concern for the affairs of that larger relationship, which links all men of one generation to one another and into a common heritage.

Fortunate is that group of friends in whose memory there lingers not alone a sense of personal kindness and gracious intercourse, but a consciousness of that wider sympathy which would fain include all those who are lonely of heart.

A memorial to such an one stands not only for that which is eternal in love and desire, but also for that which is a promise of final healing and of right relation in our tangled human affairs.

Because of her interest in the little children of the Hull-House nursery, because of her concern for the education and training of the young people who form classes here, because of her readiness to send comfort and succor when special distress was in our midst, the organ which we dedicate to-day, has been built in this room, by her husband and her

Sarah Rozet Smith

children, to the memory of Sarah Rozet Smith.

It expresses their unchanging affection and devotion, and it stands here rather than elsewhere because Mrs. Smith was for many years a warm friend and generous donor to Hull-House, and also, that which touches us still more closely, a constant sympathizer with the ultimate purposes which underlie its various activities.

This was true, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Smith was reared in a conventional city, in the midst of a conventional social circle at the period when wealth and breeding meant withdrawal from the rougher aspects of life. But because she claimed not only her children's affection but also shared in their interests, her later years found her full of sympathy for those beaten in life's struggle; because she not only preserved the best traditions and customs of the past like the true gentlewoman that she was, but was also ready to learn of the issues of the hour through the experiences of the large-hearted man who stood by her side, she was able to keep to the end an open mind toward those social problems which so con-

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stantly perplex us all. Through many discussions held in her presence, I cannot recall a single unkind or unfair word spoken of those who are so readily blamed. With something of the touching confidence with which each child learns anew the mystery of the world through its affections, she learned of this bustling city, as it were, apart from it and yet made conscious of its significance, through those she loved. Because of this Mrs. Smith gave graciously to Hull-House that most precious gift—the time and services of her daughter, when she would gladly have claimed this companionship for herself, and she often gave that which most women regard as impossible, the use of her own house.

One incident stands out in my memory: a member of one of the early Hull-House clubs passed through the city on a journey in search of health, exhausted and disheartened, within a fortnight of her death. She was taken directly from the railway station to Mrs. Smith's house, where she remained with her little girl, the recipient not only of skilled medical attention and professional nursing, but of the most exquisite hospitality and friendliness. I

Sarah Rozet Smith

know whereof I speak, for I myself had received it during a long and tedious convalescence; indeed, my mind is crowded with recollections of days filled with this gentle courtesy and friendship during a summer in Europe, during weeks at the seashore, during hours of refuge in the well-ordered home; and although I recall all of those with vivid affection, nothing so endears her memory to me now as that kindness to one who was her friend, because then so sorely in need of friends.

This organ becomes part of the equipment of the Hull-House Music School, whose faculty of four were all Mrs. Smith's personal friends and familiar guests. The heads of the school had discussed its growing plans with her during summers spent in the Tyrol, in the White Mountains, on the North Shore. For many years she was an enthusiastic attendant at the recitals of the school. The only Christmas concert she failed to hear was the one given the year of her last illness, and on that day the thought of her was in all our minds.

Many of the members of the school have been the recipients of her kindness and hos-

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pitality, and on their side have gladly contributed, as they could, for her pleasure, in the little celebrations of birthdays or other family anniversaries. A year ago to-day they sang at her funeral service. As they learn to use this beautiful instrument, as a few of them at least will master its intricate and marvelous possibilities, I can pledge in their genuine appreciation a fitting tribute to her memory, a living memorial of which the organ itself is but the prototype.

It comes to them from the group of people who have known them longest and best, somewhat as a recognition of their ten years of sustained purpose and painstaking study. It registers a confidence that they will use worthily so fine a thing.

When they sing the compositions of their teacher, to the memory of Mrs. Smith, the rendition is by no means formal, but expresses their own friendship and gratitude as the composition itself expresses a more intimate affection and a larger understanding on the part of the composer.

This organ is placed in Hull-House to be used for public concerts and anniversaries.

Sarah Rozet Smith

We speak often in Chicago, and quite rightly, of the need of that which will unify our moral forces and draw together our dissipated purposes—to make them more effective, and at last to bring some measure of relief to our social and municipal ills. It may quite easily be true that this sense of unity, this compact of our better natures must be first attained through art—through that which has traditionally been the most potent agent for making the universal appeal and inducing men to forget their differences. A neighborhood such as this is an exaggeration, but it is at the same time an epitome of the city's divergences. The people about us represent sharp differences of speech, of tradition, of custom, of religious beliefs. Sometimes they seem to stand together only on the common ground of political equality, to be united only by the unquenchable desire for civil liberty—the result of long denials. We thank God for these, and yet we sadly need that truer unity which comes through similarity of aspirations and ideals.

Let us hope that this organ shall in some measure contribute to the process of fusing

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our divergent past and unifying our aspirations for that which is to come; that men who could not be brought to sit side by side in one another's churches will sit side by side in this room listening to its message concerning that which binds us into an indissoluble brotherhood.

As we all stand equal in the shadow of the grave, wherein no man calls his brother lord or master, so in the enveloping music of this noble instrument which has come to us through those whose lives have been so lately darkened by that shadow, whose hearts are yet tender with the pain of parting, may we realize that equality which we attain only when we are lifted up together above our petty differences into an encompassing sense of unity.

We dedicate the Hull-House organ to the memory of Sarah Rozet, wife of Charles Mather Smith, and through that memory we dedicate it to all that is gentle and of good report.

HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD

CHAPTER IV

At a memorial meeting for
HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD
held under the auspices of
United Mine Workers of America
American Federation of Labor
United Turner Societies
Chicago Federation of Labor
Village Council of Winnetka
Carpenters District Council
Typographical Union, No. 16
Municipal Ownership Delegate Convention
Henry George Association
Hull-House
Chicago Commons

THE life of Henry Demarest Lloyd embodied beyond that, perhaps, of any of his fellow citizens the passion for a better social order, the hunger and thirst after social righteousness.

Progress is not automatic; the world grows better because people wish that it should and take the right steps to make it better. Progress

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depends upon modification and change; if things are ever to move forward some man must be willing to take the first steps and assume the risks. Such a man must have courage, but courage is by no means enough. That man may easily do a vast amount of harm who advocates social changes from mere blind enthusiasm for human betterment, who arouses men only to a smarting sense of wrong or who promotes reforms which are irrational and without relation to his time. To be of value in the delicate process of social adjustment and reconstruction a man must have a knowledge of life as it is, of the good as well as of the evil; he must be a patient collector of facts, and, furthermore, he must possess a zeal for men which will inspire confidence and arouse to action.

I need not tell this audience that the man whose premature death we are here to mourn possessed these qualities in an unusual degree.

His search for the Accomplished Good was untiring. It took him again and again on journeys to England, to Australia, to Switzerland, wherever indeed he detected the beginning of an attempt to "equalize welfare," as

Henry Demarest Lloyd

he called it, wherever he caught tidings of a successful democracy. He brought back cheering reports of the "Labor Copartnership" in England, through which the workingmen own together farms, mills, factories and dairies, and run them for mutual profit; of the people's banks in Central Europe, which are at last bringing economic redemption to the hard-pressed peasants; of the old-age pensions in Australia; of the country without strikes because compulsory arbitration is fairly enforced; of the national railroads in New Zealand, which carry the school children free and scatter the unemployed on the new lands.

His book on "The Swiss Sovereign" is not yet completed, but we all recall his glowing accounts of Switzerland, "where they have been democrats for six hundred years and are the best democrats," where they can point to the educational results of the referendum, which makes the entire country a forum for the discussion of each new measure, so that the people not only agitate and elect, but also legislate; where the government pensions fatherless school children that they may not

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be crushed by premature labor. The accounts of these and many more successful social experiments are to be found in his later books. As other men collect coins or pictures, so Mr. Lloyd collected specimens of successful co-operation—of brotherhood put into practice.

He came at last to an unshaken belief that this round old world of ours is literally dotted over with groups of men and women who are steadily bringing in a more rational social order. To quote his own words:

“We need but to do everywhere what someone is doing somewhere.” “We do but all need to do what a few are doing.” “We must learn to walk together in new ways.” His friends admit that in these books there is an element of special pleading, but it is the special pleading of the idealist who insists that the people who dream are the only ones who accomplish, and who in proof thereof unrolls the charters of national and international associations of workingmen, the open accounts of municipal tramways, the records of co-operative societies, the cash balances in people’s banks.

Henry Demarest Lloyd

Mr. Lloyd possessed a large measure of human charm. He had many gifts of mind and bearing, but perhaps his chief accomplishment was his mastery of the difficult art of comradeship. Many times social charm serves merely to cover up the trivial, but Mr. Lloyd ever made his an instrument to create a new fascination for serious things. We can all recall his deep concern over the changed attitude which we, as a nation, are allowing ourselves to take toward the colored man; his foresight as to the grave consequences in permitting the rights of the humblest to be invaded; his warning that if in the press of our affairs we do not win new liberties then we cannot keep our old liberties.

He was an accomplished Italian scholar, possessing a large Italian library; he had not only a keen pleasure in Dante, but a vivid interest in the struggles of New Italy; he firmly believed that the United States has a chance to work out Mazzini's hopes for Italian workingmen, as they sturdily build our railroads and cross the American plains with the same energy with which they have previously built the Roman roads and pierced the Alps.

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He saw those fine realities in humble men which easily remain hidden to duller eyes.

I recall a conversation with Mr. Lloyd held last September during a Chicago strike, which had been marred by acts of violence and broken contracts. We spoke of the hard places into which the friends of labor unions are often brought when they sympathize with the ultimate objects of a strike, but must disapprove nearly every step of the way taken to attain that object. Mr. Lloyd referred with regret to the disfavor with which most labor men look upon compulsory arbitration. He himself believed that as the State alone has the right to use force and has the duty of suppression toward any individual or combination of individuals who undertake to use it for themselves, so the State has the right to insist that the situation shall be submitted to an accredited court, that the State itself may only resort to force after the established machinery of government has failed. He spoke of the dangers inherent in vast combinations of labor as well as in the huge combinations of capital; that the salvation of both lay in absolute publicity. As he had years before made pub-

Henry Demarest Lloyd

lic the methods of a pioneer "trust" because he early realized the dangers which have since become obvious to many people, so he fore-saw dangers to labor organizations if they substitute methods of shrewdness and of secret agreement for the open moral appeal. Labor unions are powerless unless backed by public opinion, he said; they can only win public confidence by taking the public into their counsels and by doing nothing of which the public may not know.

It is so easy to be dazzled by the combined power of capital, to be bullied by the voting strength of labor. We forget that capital cannot enter the moral realm, and may always be successfully routed by moral energy; that the labor vote will never be "solid" save as it rallies to those political measures which promise larger opportunities for the mass of the people; that the moral appeal is the only universal appeal.

Many people in this room can recall Mr. Lloyd's description of the anthracite coal strike, his look of mingled solicitude and indignation as he displayed the photograph of the little bunker boy who held in his pigmy

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hand his account sheet, showing that at the end of his week's work he owed his landlord-employer more than he did at the beginning. Mr. Lloyd insisted that the simple human element was the marvel of the Pennsylvania situation, sheer pity continually breaking through and speaking over the heads of the business interests. We recall his generous speculation as to what the result would have been if there had been absolutely no violence, no shadow of law-breaking during those long months; if the struggle could have stood out as a single effort to attain a higher standard of life for every miner's family, untainted by any touch of hatred toward those who did not join in the effort. Mr. Lloyd believed that the wonderful self-control which the strikers in the main exerted but prefigured the strength which labor will exhibit when it has at last learned the wisdom of using only the moral appeal and of giving up forever every form of brute force. "If a mixed body of men can do as well as that, they can certainly do better." We can almost hear him say it now. His ardor recalled the saying of a wise man. "The belief

Henry Demarest Lloyd

that a new degree of virtue is possible acts as a genuine creative force in human affairs."

Throughout his life Mr. Lloyd believed in and worked for the "organization of labor," but with his whole heart he longed for what he called "the religion of labor," whose mission it should be "to advance the kingdom of God into the unevangelized territory of trade, commerce and industry." He dared to hope that "out of the pain, poverty and want of the people there may at last be shaped a new loving cup for the old religion."

His friend, William Salter, said of him: "Lloyd believed that society might be ordered by love, that the highest sentiments might dictate the ordinances and statutes of the state. With his whole heart he longed for this higher order of things, and every little step or promise of a step towards a heavenlier country, he observed and studied and talked about from the housetops. This is a revival of religion; it is bringing once more the heavenly and the perfect into the consciousness of men."

Let us be comforted as we view the life of this "helper and friend of mankind" that

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haply we may, in this moment of sorrow,
“establish our wavering line.”

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force
Surely has not been left vain.
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practiced that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

ALICE KELLOGG TYLER

CHAPTER V

ALICE KELLOGG TYLER

LITERATURE portrays for us from time to time a life which is set in the world as it were apart—outside and above it. Such a life bears an ineffable charm and almost from its birth and certainly throughout childhood, is recognized as possessing a mysterious quality reminiscent of higher things. Although it may express itself in service, in beauty, in creation, the personality itself is stronger than any of its forms of expression and transcends them all. To such souls the simple virtues are normal and attained apparently without effort; they waste no time in striving for negative goodness; their feet keep easily in the paths of virtue so that they are free from the beginning for the larger and finer tasks. They are also without the languor, the weariness, and the sense of futility which clog the lives of so many of their fellows. The fire within burns

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steadily as if tempered into a glowing heat and lambent flame.

It has been given to all of us in this room to have come in contact with such a life; to have shared its comradeship; to bear within our memories a sense of communion with the noble and unstained.

In our fresh grief, conscious that we have been bereft of a presence which charmed and sustained, we are also desolated by the loss of one who was able to uncover for us the deeper aspects of life. We have lost contact with the personality which had attained a certain untrammelled and fearless attitude toward the unknown; which had "freed certain powers of the soul, that most of us are conscious of merely because they hold us in thrall."

An old way of seeking comfort in the time of death was to belittle life, to speak of it as a mere span of time and of its material manifestations as things of no consequence. But the memory of this life checks such words upon our lips as ungenerous and unfair. Life does, indeed, sometimes seem to us mean and unprofitable, at other times feeble and broken, because we are unable to direct worthily our

Alice Kellogg Tyler

own activities or to heal and help others. At those moments we may indeed belittle life but we cannot underestimate it at such a moment as this.

The life we mourn to-day has given an added quality and worth to existence. It has made clearer the value of goodness and love and the holding to the best. There was in it no confusion, no uncertainty, and even as life differs in its message, so does death. There are times when we are obliged to cherish the hope of immortality merely as a comfort, a sanction, as that common hope which the race has worked out for itself in its moments of dire extremity, and which we, therefore, extend to the weakest and most wretched as well as to the strong and wise. But in a death such as this there is a note of certainty and distinction. Our belief in the life to come is for the moment made secure because one personality is so sincere that it has become a verity and a reality; and our minds are stretched to the measure of the mind of the philosopher who thinks of eternity not as a duration of time but as a certain quality of the soul which, once attained, can never cease to exist. The mem-

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bers of her new-found faith would have said that she had become one with God.

That which we call spirituality is sometimes attained by ignoring the world and its claims and there are moments when we persuade ourselves that we touch the confines of the other world merely by renouncing this. But in this life the spiritual was attained not by a feeble interest in material things, but by an exquisite appreciation of them—not by suppression of life but by expansion. Alice Tyler lifted every relation up to its highest possibility. She revealed the opportunity offered to all of us to seize and perpetuate the eternal in all human relationships. Her sisters eagerly testify that her relations to them, while ignoring none of the common affectionate offices of household life, transfigured affection into a mutually sustaining and growing aptitude for the highest things, made of it a vehicle for a fuller life. Of that most intimate relation which she exalted above that which even most loving women achieve, it is impossible for us to speak; but as we looked at the little snow-bound house just now I am sure that we all felt that that

Alice Kellogg Tyler

which had been built in the gentle ignoring of pain and frustration, stood as it were for the type of an ideal home; as if the woman had overmastered the artist and asserted that life and love are the reality and substance which even the highest art can only mold into form and beauty.

Her personality filled to the ideal many relations and overflowed them all in a generosity which knew no bounds. She developed power as an artist because she craved life and more abundantly. Her soul refused to grow weary, her power remained undimmed, doing her bidding until the end. Even in those very last days when "Genius painted the Child," the picture is bright and vivid, revealing once more the curious sympathy which has always existed between the two. To an unusual degree she had the normal love of life; she cared much for its human joys and consolations, for books and friends and common tasks. Death must have come to her as a kindly natural friend, as part of life itself; as natural as the open landscape, the high-arched sky, the silent stars which are vast and remote but also dear and familiar; for in a certain sense a con-

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tented life and death must rest upon a love of nature, even as a belief in immortality must rest at last upon a belief in God.

It is pathetic that so seldom does this power of living, this aptitude both for the "natural" and "spiritual" life clearly reveal itself or find adequate means of interpretation. We all reach rare moments when we seem to issue forth from ourselves, when goodness and understanding become self-expression and not mere achievement. But few of us have ability or power to interpret these moments to others. Alice Tyler's life obtained for itself a technique so fine that she really achieved what many artists strive for in vain because they first acquire their technique and then look about for something to express. Her spirit and mind had always more to express than her finished technique could carry—although her fellow artists eagerly accorded to her a high place.

The power of the artist is the power to share and interpret universal life. In a sense his expression is self-expression as his joy is individual, but they are both inexpressibly more than that and his personality is

Alice Kellogg Tyler

merged into the limitless life about him. This artist gave us an impression of the openness and at the same time of the mystery of life; of a spirit of adventure and of a spirit of unusual peace; of unending vitality and of repose; of high courage and of sweet humility; for the genuine artist ever bears the mark of Eternal Youth, with youth's apparent contradictions as well as its charm.

Her pictures hang upon the various walls of Hull-House; they attract by a rare quality of beauty and power but always give out clearly this message: Do not consent that life shall become dreary and commonplace; insist upon distilling the best from it; keep the spirit broad awake. The worker going cheerfully forth in the early morning through the sun-bathed field; the mother tending her child, surrounded as with a halo by her own simple joy; the face of a familiar friend rediscovered and made more dear through an artist's insight. Her canvasses have always a sort of transparency which lets the glory through, a light of spring, a delicacy of texture as if she would have them a medium through which the divine rays might pass. These pictures

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which show a mastery of art so simple, so complete, that it seems like an abandonment of art, remain with us to comfort as well as to inspire.

A sorrow such as this death brings can have nothing of bitterness in it and as memory goes faithfully back reiterating look and word, it must in the end bring healing and insight until "the great road that leads from the seen to the unseen" shall lie straight before us.

GORDON DEWEY

CHAPTER VI

GORDON DEWEY

IN the heart-breaking death of our well beloved, nothing is harder to understand and nothing is harder to bear than the sense of disappearance, so sudden, so irrevocable, so mysterious, that it at length becomes the one fixed point in our ephemeral living. All else grows unreal in our period of sorrow, while that consciousness of loss, that perpetual defeat of the senses is the one thing which never changes.

When he who has gone from our familiar living is a little child, who has surrounded us with that affection which Mr. Dewey has himself described as "the most appealing and most rewarding of all affections," almost as hard to endure as the immediate loss itself is the realization that his future will exist without relation to ourselves, that his growth will

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go forward without our fostering and defense, without the fulfilling of all those hopes which fasten themselves so securely upon a child of unusual ability and suggestive charm.

And yet in a distinct and sturdy personality, such as Gordon Dewey possessed, which had already unfolded itself for eight years in the midst of exceptional surroundings for feeding its nascent powers and for supplying the equipment with which to reproduce that which the active, persistent mind most vividly apprehended, we have in our own hands a key, an artifice, as it were, by which we may read his future. We cannot read it absolutely as though it were written in a book, life as it is lived on the earth does not unfold itself in that way, but we may read it in a very remarkable degree by our perceptions, by our knowledge of what his personality implied and was destined to achieve. It has been recently said that it becomes less and less impossible to foretell the quality of life which shall fill the span of a man's years, when we have once apprehended the trend of his character. Courage and intelligence can make the

Gordon Dewey

future of a friend our own possession, whether he has lived upon the earth for less than a decade or for three score years and ten, even as courage and intelligence are required to learn the lessons of the past or to make the present of any value to us. If a moral certainty may be deduced from given premises, may we not say that the gifts of mind and remarkable character of Gordon Dewey have placed these premises within our grasp.

To know such a promising life, to feel the touch of his spirit, is to have the future unfold itself before us in a new amplitude, to give it a larger meaning; it is to recover for a moment those hopes of our youth, which we have dropped in our dull discouragement with life's limitations, to be revisited by the bright-eyed phantom who declares that all things are possible.

Country people, among whom so much of Gordon Dewey's life was spent during his happy summers, and those simple warm-hearted folk in Ireland, among whom he at last died, firmly believe that the child who is destined to leave this life prematurely is blessed with a premature unfolding.

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It is certainly safe to predict that this fine and gallant spirit would inevitably have entered into that bitter heritage which is sure to come to all the sensitive spirits of our contemporary life, that he was destined to feel the smart and pang brought by the consciousness of the degrading poverty in the world, as he would have shared the growing belief, newly come among men, that it may be possible not only to alleviate, but at last to remove it, if the race but makes a concerted effort. He too would have been stirred by the faint hope that our helpless suffering may be but the first intimation of a challenge for this long-neglected crusade.

Did he do something better for this problem of poverty than if he had gone the dreary round of life the rest of us plod, filled with a sense of the futility of our efforts? Did he not at the end add the touching and evanescent grace which youth and unconsciousness have ever brought to suffering and privation?

We are told that through the long days of his illness and convalescence in the Liverpool Hospital his eager little spirit turned toward

Gordon Dewey

Western Ireland with a veritable longing for the Land of Heart's Desire, that the journey thither was full of happy anticipations, and that for three days he blithely joined in the homely round of daily life on a simple farm sweetly unconscious of the bitter poverty which stretched for miles around him; that he found only joy and satisfaction in "the milk and the fire," in the care of the animals, in the warm-hearted welcome of the warmest-hearted people in the world.

Could he have done more to comfort even the poverty-stricken of Ireland than to have given them this simple comradeship, to have thus shared their life and found it sweet?

He possessed in a remarkable measure that trait which we are accustomed to associate only with the mature mind of wide and tolerant experience, a sense of the humor in life and the ability to meet a situation by a flank movement, as it were, by giving it the unexpected turn, pulling out the sting from any childish disappointment by a perception of the gentle incongruity and the ironic charm in the disappointment itself.

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This can only be illustrated; I remember my astonishment when I first encountered it in the little red-frocked baby of three. His mother had bidden him show me a Christmas book, and he had trotted down the hall in search of "Father Goose," only to come gaily back again without the book, but holding a tiny white feather in his hand, as he chuckled: "I couldn't find Fazzer Goose, but I found a goose fezzer in the hall."

The independence of mind with which he ventured the little joke, the complete sense of comradeship with which he took me into it and gave me at once to understand that although we might differ in our tastes for books, there could be but one right way of turning an awkward situation into a pleasure secured for me from that moment a new and intimate friend.

Our minds are all filled with reminiscence of him. One pictures the grave little figure as he shakes hands through the car window with Admiral Dewey, restraining his boundless enthusiasm with a quaint sense of the dignity which is befitting one who bears the same great name. When asked what he said to hi

Gordon Dewey

hero, he replied: "I couldn't say much because I am a Dewey, too."

He had a curious interest in the contemporary events of the world. He was an indefatigable reader of the daily papers, not only with the inquisitive interest of a precocious child, but with a sense of belonging to it all, of holding an integral part in the drama, a tiny protagonist of his time.

One recalls his unexpected query across the breakfast table as to the chances of the Japanese in the war, and his recital of cogent reasons for his predicted outcome of the struggle. His direct connection of the defeat in Manchuria with the governmental wrongs of the Empire revealed that serene sense of righteousness which children so often have, and which we lose in the confusion of life. His eager assertion, "They must be beaten, you know, because they have been so mean to the Poles and Finns," gave me the same sense of astonishment at the wisdom of the child of seven that I had felt at the wit of the child of three, the consciousness that he had thus early acquired the freedom of the human city, as it were, and would forevermore walk

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its motley streets with wide and tolerant wisdom.

Gordon Dewey came into the life of his family eight years ago, at a time when it was shadowed by sorrow and a sense of loss. By no possible alchemy can one human soul take the place of another, nor can a child that is here ever satisfy the longing for the child that is gone, and yet the passionate loyalty to "him whom we see not" perhaps finds its first yearning solace for very love's undying sake from the new-born, from "him whom scarce we see." It is not given to us to interpret the experiences of even our dearest friends, but certain it is that this dear child was born not only into his full heritage of family affection, but received an added tenderness of almost tragic passion.

We long to comfort that stricken family group across the sea, and we are overwhelmed with a double sense of inadequacy. We are unable to fittingly express our sorrow and sympathy for them, and again unable to make a satisfactory statement of our appreciation of the value of that life which is in itself worthy of the best memorial that we can give it. In

Gordon Dewey

a moment of such inadequacy we borrow expression from a poet:

The heart it is that plays and hears
High salutations of today,
Tongue falters, hand shrinks back, song fears
Its own unworthiness to play
Fit music for those eight sweet years
Or sing their blithe, accomplished way.

* * * *

There beats not in the heart of May
When summer hopes and springtide fears,
There falls not from the height of day
When sunlight speaks, and silence hears,
So sweet a psalm as children play
And sing each hour of all their years.

JUDGE MURRAY F. TULEY

CHAPTER VII

JUDGE MURRAY F. TULEY

PERHAPS no man upon the Cook County Bench was so ready to turn his serious and disciplined mind to finding out how the legal machinery might more closely fit existing conditions and much needed reforms be embodied in law and ordinances than Judge Tuley whom we have come here to-day to honor. I recall, in illustration of this, an instance which took place when I had newly come to Chicago fresh from the country and had little idea of the social and industrial conditions in which I found myself on Halsted Street. A dozen girls came from a neighboring factory with a grievance in regard to their wages. The affair could hardly have been called a labor difficulty, the girls had never heard of a trades union and were totally unaccustomed to acting together, it was more in the nature

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of a "scrap" between themselves and their foreman. In the effort toward adjustment, arbitration was suggested and the one name in the world outside with which the girls were familiar was Judge Tuley's. When the difficulty was placed before him, he suggested that the matter be tried in his chambers under the Tuley law which was then new and which required that both litigants agree to accept the decision of the judge without appeal to a higher court, and to appear before him without attorneys. I have never forgotten the care and consideration, the courtesy and deference with which Judge Tuley gave himself to this trivial matter, for the wages concerned counted but a few cents a week. His painstaking and just decision pleased both sides, a thing unique in my experience in labor adjudication. There remains vividly in my memory a conversation I held with him after the litigants were gone. He spoke of his belief in the capacity of the common law to meet all legitimate labor difficulties which may arise, of its remarkable adaptability to changing conditions under the decision of wise and progressive judges, but said that in order to

Judge Murray F. Tuley

adjust it to our industrial affairs it must be interpreted, not so much in relation to precedence established under an industrial order which belongs to the past, but in reference to our own industrial development and the current sense of justice of our own generation.

He foresaw something of the stress and storm of the industrial conflicts which have occurred in Chicago since then and he expressed the hope that the Bench of Cook County might rise to the opportunity in this new and difficult situation of dealing with labor difficulties in a spirit of equality and adaptation to changed conditions. What a difference it would have made in the history of Chicago if more men had been possessed of that temper and wisdom so that Chicago might have been a laboratory, not only for large industrial and corporate organizations but for methods of just dealing with the problems of modern industry.

Perhaps what we need above all things in this huge incoherent city, always on the verge of lawlessness, is men who will rigidly enforce the existing laws while at the same time they frankly admit the inadequacy of these

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laws and work without stint for progressive regulations better fitted to the newer issues among which our lot is cast. We need to learn that we cannot enforce the laws of a community nor even elevate its ethical standards save by a quickening of its moral sensibilities and by increasing its sensitiveness to wrong, and that unless the growing conscience is successively embodied in legal enactments men lose the habit of turning to the law for guidance and redress. As the generations before us tore justice from the skies and set it in the midst of laws and tribunals which men made for themselves, so generations to come, beginning even with our own, are making the first tentative effort to establish justice in men's social and industrial relations, to set up new courts sustaining the consciences of their contemporaries.

Year after year Judge Tuley was elected without opposition as chief justice of the circuit court because all of his associates felt that by reason of his great and commanding talents the place was his, as was the title which they affectionately called him—"The Grand Old Chancellor."

Judge Murray F. Tuley

It has been said that no man on the Cook County Bench had so few of his decisions reversed by the superior courts. May not this illustrate the fact that no man can adequately interpret the laws we have, unless at the same time he sees the need of progressive legislation? We count it high praise of most men to say that they held fast to the ideals of their youth, meaning that they did not become sordid and spotted by the world. Yet this would have been meager praise for Judge Tuley for he advanced his ideals with the growing demands of his time and was always in the vanguard of the community's progress. He had one of those rare minds, capable of vigorous growth and of effective use to the very end. He is said to have coined the phrase "government by injunction" and as a true and courageous friend of personal liberty he firmly opposed its current use as both oppressive and dangerous.

No one was more jealous of the prerogatives and digniies of the bench than this venerable judge, this Nestor of the bar, and yet he was willing to sacrifice on occasion his possible duty as a judge in order to exercise his rights as a citizen. He was willing to pub-

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lately discuss matters which might otherwise have been brought before him to adjudicate because he so clearly saw that trained public opinion is quite as necessary to social progress as are judicial decisions. It is easy for all of us to shirk the discussion of current issues under the plea of remaining impartial, it is a temptation to remain a silent coward and think oneself a tolerant spectator. And yet in spite of Judge Tuley's open-minded policy, it is said by the legal profession of Chicago that of all the judges of this community he held the reputation of being the most non-partisan and impartial, illustrating that most mysterious of all hard sayings, that he alone saves his life who is ready to lose it, and that he alone can be impartial who has the courage of his convictions.

Judge Tuley had learned much of life and above all had come not to be afraid of the desires and demands of the people. He knew that every reform, however drastic, when put into operation is bound to disappoint the flaming hopes of its advocates and that it will also invariably fail to overturn the existing order of society as the opponents and conservatives

Judge Murray F. Tuley

eternally predict. He knew that there is a self-regulating element in society itself, a commonsense in the mass of men which may be forever trusted, that history can point to no community which has rushed into excesses upon the acquisition of new-found power, save those communities which have been unduly repressed and which have received their new liberties without a previous period of discussion and adjustment, of slow trial and gradual preparation. Therefore he was all for free discussion, for new experiments in living, for enlarging the functions of municipal government and for extending the franchise. Many of us recall that some years ago, when it was considered most important that women should use their vote for the trustee of the State University in order to demonstrate their desire for fuller suffrage, Judge Tuley accompanied his invalid wife to the polling booth and fairly carried her into it from the carriage that he might make with her this demonstration in favor of woman's suffrage which he had advocated all his life.

In this generation when the belief in immortality seems to have become so elusive,

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when it is discussed pro and con in a veritable flood of essays, nothing serves so well to re-establish it for us as the life and death of a righteous man, one who has fulfilled the measure of his years upon earth and during all those years has become identified with the powers which stand for integrity, with the causes that make for progress; who has given of his strength to establish justice between man and man, and has ever plead the cause of the people.

The universal affection expressed for Judge Tuley during the last weeks reminds us of what Seneca said of his brother: "Whom everyone loved too little, even he who loved him most."

JOSEPH TILTON BOWEN

CHAPTER VIII

JOSEPH TILTON BOWEN

At the Opening
of the
JOSEPH TILTON BOWEN COUNTRY CLUB

ALL of us who knew Joseph Tilton Bowen realize that a memorial in his name should suggest courtesy, hospitality, and comeliness. To this end it seemed to his wife that nothing so suitable could be forever associated with him as a country club built upon an attractive site which would extend a constant hospitality to those most sorely in need of rest, of health, and of recreation. Such a memorial would certainly be more appropriate as well as more beautiful than anything that could be erected in the crowded part of the city in which Hull-House stands, for Mr. Bowen throughout his life had preserved that simplicity and charm which we commonly consider the great gift of the country.

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It is not altogether easy to find natural beauty in the environs of Chicago. I was with Mrs. Bowen when she visited sixty-seven possible sites lying in all directions from the city, but when this one was finally decided upon, because it was not only entirely suitable but by far the most beautiful of all, we had no regrets for something which we had not chosen. Sometimes one would like to move the ravine from one place, the gentle slopes from another, the woods of oak and birch from another, and put them together in a way Nature herself seldom permits; but in this place all desirable things seem to have been combined without the interference of man, although we are happy that he had long ago been permitted to add a garden, an orchard, a well surrounded by lilacs and an interesting old house.

It adds greatly to the value of a memorial that the people to profit by it, to use it intimately, should have known and admired the person to whom the memorial is dedicated. Through the various Hull-House organizations, Mr. Bowen had a large acquaintance with many people living in our neighbor-

Joseph Tilton Bowen

hood. I have been much impressed with the things they have said during these last few months, when the common experience of death has drawn us together in a peculiar fellowship. We remember that "we are not singled out for a special judgment when we give up our dead, we but enter into a common sorrow, a sorrow that visits the proudest and humblest, that has entered into unnumbered hearts before us and will enter into innumerable ones after us, a sorrow that makes the world one, and dissolves all other feelings into sympathy and affection."

Humble people who had known Mr. Bowen but slightly had yet attained a sincere appreciation of his good life, of his care for those who needed help, of his devotion to his family.

Because it was difficult to wait for the formal opening, we have already had gatherings here during the beautiful spring weather. At one of these, several touching addresses were given by members of the Hull-House Woman's Club. As you know, Mrs. Bowen had erected a building for that club and her husband with her, had been active in promoting its activ-

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ties. A woman who had known him for many years expressed somewhat awkwardly the general impression she had always had that a husband must be one of two things; either he was sober and steady but inclined to be disagreeable or else, as she knew sometimes to her sorrow, he was so pleasure-loving that he would lead a dance and be a jolly partner but was not always admirable in other ways. To know a man at once so kindly and "highly respectable," ready to enter into all the pleasures of the club and yet dignified and courteous, was to her therefore a revelation of a new type.

I recall the parties which Mrs. Bowen gave once a year when each member of the Club could bring an escort, and because more than a thousand people would attend one party we were obliged to have them in three different buildings. I am giving the details of this because it was Mr. Bowen's scheme, and without him it never would have been successfully carried out. Each guest had received with the invitation either a pink ticket or a blue ticket. The people with the blue tickets went first to Bowen Hall where there was dancing,

Joseph Tilton Bowen

and the pink-ticket people went to the theater to listen to an entertainment; then the pink-ticket people went to supper in the coffee house and the blue-ticket people to the theater; then the pink-ticket people went to Bowen Hall and the blue-ticket people to supper. We used to say each time that it could not be done without a stampede and it became almost a matter of personal triumph to Mr. Bowen when it worked out so smoothly year after year.

I also recall Mr. Bowen's pleasure in the opening of the Boys' Club and his hard work during the last few days that all might be in readiness. As the first automobile drove up with our guests, Mr. Bowen was sweeping off the front walk while I gave a final polish to the stairs inside. There was always a whole-hearted coöperation, to the last detail, in everything that came to Hull-House through his wife. His delightful participation never failed and his spirit of hospitality spread through the entire place until everyone felt the contagion.

It is easy to associate him with a Boys' Club, for many of us who knew Mr. Bowen during the years when his children were

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growing up about him must vividly recall his spirit of youth, his charm and zest for life. In the words of a wise man, "To remain young long, in the spontaneity and tenderness of the heart, to preserve ever, not only in the outer behavior but in the inner life, a certain lightness, a certain elasticity—this is the best way to rule our lives; for what greater force is there than youth?"

Because of this inner life, he had an understanding of young people founded upon an encouragement of their ardors and an espousal of their enthusiasms. He did not feel that necessity to temper the zest of youth which so often results in alienating it. This vivacity of perennial comradeship with the young was perhaps the most outstanding manifestation of this power to work out human relationships in terms of good will.

Yet it was not confined to the young, for the aged and the infirm were equally attracted to him. There is a famous story in the family of his adventures one summer when he visited an elderly relative in Rhode Island and found in her boarding house six other old ladies, all of whom—including one

Joseph Tilton Bowen

in a wheel chair and one on crutches—seemed to him in great need of a little pleasure. He chartered a launch in which he took the seven old ladies for a day's excursion upon the bay. Unhappily the boat was run down by a huge steamer and all the helpless guests, while not thrown into the sea, were rescued from the sinking launch only by the most heroic efforts on the part of the captain and their gallant escort. When they were finally placed upon the steamer, finding themselves being swiftly carried ever farther away from home, they shed copious tears; but upon their return next day, safe and sound, they at once became a chorus of admirers for their kind host whose courtesy and courage never failed them and who became the hero of an opus with seven variations.

Joseph Tilton Bowen instinctively followed the advice "to live not in contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of our own lives." It is a great gift, this ability to establish sincere and direct relations with human beings of all sorts, and he habitually made such genuine relationships, whether he was

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president of the Church Club of Chicago, chairman of the Schools Committee of the Commercial Club, a Director of the Bar Harbor Horse Show, or of the Board of St. Luke's Hospital. His kindness and sympathy were always restrained by the courtesy of the gentleman who never intruded even the wise word. If it is true that "he who hateth his brother is in darkness and knoweth not whither he goeth," so it is also true that he who is content with bungling and half-hearted human relations spends his life amid a twilight of souls and knows nothing of the glory of human brotherhood. That Mr. Bowen had come to recognize brothers in all men because he had long recognized God as the Father of all men, made the foundations of his wide and courteous relationships all the more secure. His rector, who knew him long as a warden of St. James, has termed him an "apostle of life" and describes his marvelous gift as that of "a man in whose company it seemed as if the world was bound to go right—it could not but go right—you had but to look at it and speak to it and it would go right."

His friend and physician, Dr. Favill, has

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just said that there is only one thing amongst our human difficulties worse than not to be able to get into the country and that is not to want to go. We will not encounter that difficulty among our peasant neighbors who have gathered oranges in Calabria and olives in Greece, who have gleaned the poppy-strewn wheatfields throughout Europe, and dug for peat in the bogs of Ireland. They spend their first years in America in those insanitary habitations found in the most crowded quarters of our cities, and they fairly languish for the country—for the feel of the earth beneath their feet, the sight and smell of growing things. Dr. Favill has added that an invitation to share a place such as this sounds one of the deepest and tenderest human notes, not only because the thing is good, but because the response which it evokes is in itself uplifting. We venture to hope that we may in time add solace for homesick souls, and the offer of friendship to the friendless.

It is a great responsibility for the Hull-House trustees to lift the Joseph Tilton Bowen Country Club to its highest development, to be sensitive to its growing possibilities, to

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realize that fresh air can really penetrate only into the lungs of those who breathe with freedom and happiness. Perhaps our greatest source of beauty in the immediate environs of Chicago is found in the dunes that stretch to the east and north of the city. We are on the brink of a beautiful stretch of marsh and dunes directly north of these grounds. During the last few months, when the building of the club houses has brought us here very often, these marshes have not only stood for their own beauty and the sorrow which was pressing upon the hearts of Mr. Bowen's friends, but in some mysterious way they have suggested the tranquillity of his religious faith, in such a mood as has been portrayed by a poet:

Mourn gently, tranquil marshes, mourn with me,
Mourn, if acceptance so serene can mourn.
Grieve, marshes, though your noonday melody
Of color thrill through sorrow like a horn.
Stretch wide, O marshes, in your sunlit joy,
Stretch, ample marshes, in serene delight,
Proclaiming faith past tempests to destroy
With silent confidence of conscious might.

Someone asked me the other day what motto we were going to put over the door, appar-

Joseph Tilton Bowen

ently in the conviction that every club must have a motto over a door. I was a little startled by the suddenness of the question and while I could not remember the exact quotation, in the back of my head there ran a line: "Secure, from the slow stain of the world's contagion." I suppose all of us who live in the midst of the city find ourselves easily stained by the contagion of the world, and to have a place secure from it to which we may repair is not only delightful but necessary to the health of our souls.

If such a refuge is ever developed here, with its inner garden which Mrs. Bowen has permanently endowed, it will be a most fitting tribute to him whose name it bears. We may well say:

No work begun shall ever pause for death.
Not one flower of all he said and did
Might seem to flit unnoticed, fade unknown,
But dropped a seed, has grown a balsam-tree
Whereof the blossoming perfumes the place.

MARY HAWES WILMARTH

CHAPTER IX

MARY HAWES WILMARTH

IT is difficult for those of us here to speak of our personal relations with Mrs. Wilmarth although for many of us those relations extended over many years and we hold the memory of them as a great treasure.

But we may say something of her public life, of her influence in Chicago for more than fifty years when she lived in the center of it not only spiritually, but actually upon the site of her first Chicago home. She was naturally one of the earliest women in the group responsible for the first feminine organizations in the country, in those far-off days when a woman was supposed to be entirely absorbed in her family and if she sought any interests outside her home became an object for criticism. It is easy for us to understand how disconcerting Mrs. Wilmarth must have been to such critics with her conventional

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dress, her gentle high-bred demeanor, her mind so stored, not with the knowledge that "puffeth up" but with the wisdom that brings humility. She was a perfect antithesis of their conception of a self-assertive public woman. She brought to the pioneer movement in Chicago gifts of a finely endowed and cultivated mind. Only a few weeks ago, when I was in England, a man of letters with a name familiar in both continents said that curiously enough the person of greatest intellectual distinction whom he had met in America had lived not in Boston or New York but in Chicago. He was surprised simply because Europeans do not usually associate our dear city with intellectual affairs. But his clever description, even without his recollection that the lady lived in a hotel on the lake front, left no doubt in my mind that he was describing Mrs. Wilmarth. Without his powers of discrimination, we all realized that Mrs. Wilmarth possessed a mind of that indefinable grace for which we use the word *distinction* because it is so difficult to find the proper word.

She had the rare faculty of never putting

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her less gifted friends at a disadvantage for as we talked with her we mysteriously found ourselves included within that glorious kingdom of the mind in which she habitually dwelt. This gentle inclusion had about it something of Keats's description of poetry which "strikes the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts and appears almost as a recollection." She brought from the first into the woman's movement of Chicago an historic knowledge of the best in life and literature as a standard by which to measure achievements and to inspire continuous sacrifice and effort, what George Eliot has somewhat elaborately formulated:

The soul of man is widening
Toward the past; he spells the
Record of his long descent,
More largely conscious of the life that was.
The faith that earth is being shaped
To glorious ends; that order, justice, love
Mean man's completeness—
That great faith
Is but the rushing and expanding stream
Of thought and feeling, fed by all the past.

When the two early women's clubs of Chicago diverged as to their type of work, The

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Fortnightly remaining more literary and scholarly and the Woman's Club becoming more engaged in the life of the city, Mrs. Wilmarth kept her supreme place in both of them and was highly honored in both. In each, however, she felt the need of a modification in the direction of the other, as it were. For instance, when Professor Breasted of the University of Chicago presented her with certain Egyptian vases which he had uncovered in that first exploratory expedition which she had so generously helped to finance, she placed them, not in the rooms of The Fortnightly but in the Chicago Woman's Club. Later, during those dark days following the World War, when any difference of opinion was treated with scant respect, it was in the conservative Fortnightly that she, with a few liberal-minded members, arranged for a discussion, not as usual on the purposes of the war but upon its processes, upon war as a human institution and as to how far it is fitted to cope with the complicated issues of modern society.

She was a charter member of the interesting Every Day Club whose members lunched

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together whenever current public events seemed to justify a discussion of their merits without bias or predisposition. We recall her intelligence and kindness, her wide information infused with her great tolerance of spirit, founded not upon the determination to be tolerant—which is often in itself so obnoxious but upon her wide and sympathetic understanding of life itself.

She was identified with the beginning of the Woman's City Club, was its first president, and remained its honorary president to the end of her life. It was not easy in the early days of such an organization to know just what a Woman's City Club could do which would be effective and useful, and there were many pitfalls to be avoided. But I am sure that all of those who gladly elected her as their leader never doubted her wisdom, her devotion to Chicago, and her gallant spirit, whether a given undertaking was for the moment successful or unsuccessful.

Referring to her many activities and reform movements, one thinks at once of the Consumers' League, of which she was president for more than ten years full of stress and diffi-

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culty for those who attempted to modify industrial conditions, even from the point of view of the consumer. I recall tedious journeys to Springfield in the interest of the child labor law—at that time by no means a popular cause; her zealous work for an adequate educational test to be applied to school children when their working papers were issued; that she was head of the first effort to give scholarships to children whose return to school deprived their mothers of needed wages; that she visited department store managers year after year as a member of the committee attempting to secure a Saturday half-holiday for working women. There are a dozen other organizations now carrying on the activities which the Consumers' League undertook in those pioneer days.

In all this so-called reform work she was never a fanatic, exacting moral rules at the expense of human nature. She retained always her spontaneity, and a knowledge of wrongdoing did not rob her of tenderness and understanding.

We also associate her with the Legal Aid Society and with the Woman's Trade Union

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League. In neither of these was her task always easy. I can see her now, standing in the dingy police station at Desplaines Street bailing out people who, but for her sympathy and help, might have remained in the cells over night and doing it quite without a suggestion of condescension, pushing aside gratitude with a gracious intimation that it was always a privilege to help a forward-looking public effort. Whatever the prisoners, in the bottom of their hearts, may have thought of themselves, they knew that for her they represented an advance guard.

Perhaps I may say a word of her connection with the settlements of Chicago. One of the very first public meetings that was held for us, thirty years ago, when Hull-House was young, was convened in Mrs. Wilmarth's house. True to her belief in obtaining the widest possible background of knowledge, she invited Thomas Davidson, who was considered one of the leaders in the philosophic thought of America. Unhappily the philosopher disagreed with our theses. I recall his irritation with one of our favorite phrases that the "things that make us alike are finer and

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stronger than the things that make us different." Our hostess, however, was equal to the task of interpreting and reconciling philosophic differences, and from that early beginning she stood by the settlement movement in Chicago in its various manifestations. She was for many years a Trustee of Henry Booth House, and was long identified with the Frederick Douglas Center. In the very last days, when she was nigh unto death, she referred to the latter settlement and spoke with much interest and some apprehension of the future of Chicago as it related to a better relationship between the white and the colored people. Her mind traveled back to her experiences in the abolition movement and in the broad understanding of the difficulties which have developed since she smilingly recalled a phrase of Booker Washington's which we sometimes quoted to each other during the war: "I will permit no man to make me to hate him."

In her literary and intellectual life she was friendly to the young writers and artists beginning their struggles in Chicago. Those young people who year by year are making our city a little more of a literary and art center

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could all go to her freely for help and understanding and they almost all knew her. She was to them as to so many of us, a center of spiritual power and intellectual life. In those rooms of hers overlooking the lake, there was much that was suggestive in bronze and print of the finest achievements of the human spirit. When I was hard put to it for a quiet spot in which to write or one combining the tools and the mood in which to try to formulate some complicated situation so often developing in the current life of Chicago, I habitually found myself in her storeroom. It was across the hall from the lake rooms, every inch of the walls filled with pine shelves upon which stood the books which were constantly overflowing. A plain table and chair stood in one corner among the trunks and boxes and here, it seemed to me, was the very essence of peace. If I could not obtain the "long view" in that room, it was useless ever to hope to secure it anywhere. She was always within call and always knew whether it was a child of Rossetti to whom Swinburne wrote his "Birth Song" or during which century gargoyles first appeared on the European cathedrals and what

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in the world they were trying to say. Mrs. Wilmarth possessed wide knowledge, not because she collected curious bits of information but because the adventurous life of the human spirit had long been her permanent interest.

I spent the nights and days of the Progressive Convention in her rooms when the various committees, appointed with such ardent hopes, held their meetings in the Congress Hotel. I had sat beside her as a fellow delegate through the halcyon days in the Coliseum when it seemed at least to those of us inside the vast building that a new kind of political party was being launched which should redress the wrongs of the humblest citizen, not through the coercion of the master group in the state but through their enlightened coöperation. I recall my deep disappointment in the platform committee when the "two battleships a year" were included and, worst of all, when the fortification of the Panama Canal was recommended. Her half-humorous acceptance of the defeat of our cherished hopes as we left the committee at three o'clock one morning, and her gay comment as to how frail

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a barrier woman's influence seemed to be in spite of its vaunted power, even in the new party which had welcomed us so enthusiastically, was one of those ironic shafts which alone can effectively pierce the dense preoccupation of the overzealous.

And yet with all her ripeness of mind, she carried about with her the touch of youth. I recall that, as we came out of the Progressive Convention one day, she said as simply as a child, "How much I always like to march under arches!" We all remember four years later, when the Republican Convention was meeting in Chicago, that she joined the parade of suffragists presenting their cause at the Coliseum, although the wind blew and the rain fell and she had but recently recovered from an attack of pneumonia. She was always ready to stand by her causes, and her high-hearted attitude toward life never for a moment deserted her.

May I recall, with you, those lines from Milton's "Comus," lines we were made to learn at school and therefore can never forget. I have found myself applying them to her many times, when I saw her following

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her convictions in the midst of differing
opinions.

Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk.

I would fain say a word of comfort, if I were able, to her children and grandchildren. I can at best but remind them that they have the fragrant memory of a life which was "an unending commerce of fine deeds and great thoughts," and that even in this hour of sorrow and loss, we congratulate them upon this goodly possession, perhaps the finest heritage possible. They and the other of her kinsfolk, her old friends, and the entire city of Chicago will always be the poorer for her passing but grateful that she lived among us for so many years.

The very last hours of her life in her home on the shore of Lake Geneva were enfolded in the warmth and stillness of a beautiful summer's night. It seemed fitting that at such a moment her great spirit should fare forth into the Unknown.

I have stood by many deathbeds but never

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one so associated with all that is most gentle and beautiful in nature that death itself seemed to take its place unchallenged, recalling Whitman's lines:

Oh, sane and sacred Death!
The sights of the open landscape, and the
High spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields and the huge
and
Thoughtful night.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY-WARD

CHAPTER X

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY-WARD

I HAVE always been very grateful that during a journey in the Southern states one long-ago spring I had the very great pleasure of knowing Mrs. Ward's kinsfolk, both in Kentucky and later on Avery's Island off the coast of Louisiana. The well-ordered, hospitable life carried on in the stately old houses in which they lived gave me a new understanding of her traditional skill in housekeeping, that aptitude she possessed of making life beautiful as well as comfortable; whether she washed the silver behind the tea urn as she talked to her breakfast guests at Wyoming or with her own hands exquisitely embroidered her daughter's wedding gown, she inevitably invested domestic affairs with dignity and charm.

I have too always been grateful that I knew

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her first in her house on La Salle Street with young children still about her, dependent upon her for the full measure of happiness which she so abundantly poured out to them. It was in that house that I first unfolded plans for founding a settlement in Chicago and met with that ready sympathy and understanding which her adventuring and facile mind was always ready to extend to a new cause she believed to be righteous. Her friendship for Hull-House never failed throughout the years and because she cared sincerely about art and education for the people it was a great event for all of us when she made her visits, which were sometimes prolonged into weeks.

I am grateful for many recollections connected with her beautiful house on the Lake Shore Drive which, however, she insisted be numbered on Division Street because she liked the sound of it better. All her friends rejoiced in that house as an adequate setting for a loving and far-ranging spirit. Many of you here recall the opening reception to which she invited the masons and carpenters who had built the house, the men who had polished its floors, had decorated its walls and

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had installed its beautiful organ. You remember how they obviously enjoyed showing their handiwork to each other and to their families with the true instinct of workmanship. And after all what a natural and simple thing to do, whether the house be big or little, but how seldom it is done. This same roof sheltered many gatherings, grave and gay. I recall both weighty discussions on philosophy and social science conducted by famous scholars and other parties conducted by the young and frivolous, recitals and exhibits by young artists, many of them gifted, all of whom she constantly encouraged, some of them with financial aid, whether they were musicians, poets, dramatists, sculptors, painters. I recall a reception to Susan B. Anthony who gave us a graphic account of a very early visit to Chicago when "the refreshments served were cabbages thrown at her carriage and not as now ice-cream eaten with a fork." Many of you must remember the celebration of Mrs. Avery's eightieth birthday with a dinner table garlanded with eighty roses and seating eighty guests. Someone asked the birthday child how she had kept so young and she promptly re-

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plied it was because she had always adopted unpopular causes, first the abolition of slavery when she lived in the South, then suffrage for women and when that became fashionable she took up free silver which she thought would last her to the end. She explained that no one put you on a pedestal and treated you with respect just because you were old if you were the advocate of an unpopular cause, that you had to defend it and debate it and take your chances with the wits of the young. John Bright once said that whenever he touched his constituency it tasted salt and there was something of this tang and savor which Mrs. Coonley-Ward shared with her mother. They were never conventional for convention's sake, each was determined to know life for herself and to make no compromises merely because of possible interpretations.

As Mrs. Coonley-Ward was a dutiful daughter—there was always a touch of the wistful little girl in that relation of hers—so she was a devoted mother, who had in later years to bear the great grief of losing two of her grown-up children: her eldest daughter and later her eldest son who were in the prime of

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life, in the midst of useful and responsible activities. Few mothers in such a black hour are able to realize, much less to formulate the comfort that such children live forever in the idealism of early achievement, that they will never make the sordid compromises which later experiences exact from most of us. May I read what she wrote, doubtless with her own children in mind, although she called it "Roses":

White roses on the door
Oh, weep no more!
White is a sign that Death is wed to Youth.
Weep when the purple droops in clusters low,
For then we know
'Tis Age Death calls, and realize the truth
That there's remorse to count with, and regret,
Well may our eyes be wet
When pass the purple palls,
But with white roses on the door,
Death wed to Youth,
Oh, weep no more!

I recall another moment when the darkness of grief descended upon her, when she had returned to her Chicago house after the death of her husband Professor Ward. She telephoned late one evening asking me to spend

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the night with her and we sat by an uncurtained window overlooking the lake until the morning dawned, talking of the deeper issues of life and death. Like many other gifted and versatile natures she at times passed through deep waters, as if overwhelmed by them. Much of her poetry reflects this, also her daily living and a certain determination to keep busy in homely tasks, to live in the companionship of the young, to know interesting people, to avoid the abstract speculation that may so easily lead to barrenness. And above all, she craved the reassurance which true affection alone can give, as she wrote in a tiny poem called "Miracles":

The shapes of darkness disappear
And shadows all depart
When you are here, my dear, my dear.

There are similar tender words which we all recall, I am sure, some of us with a desolating sense of inadequacy that we were unable to minister to the Great Heart who so generously gave herself to her friends.

We all remember her unfailing enthusiasm

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over natural beauty, wide-spreading fields, flowing waters, flowers, crystals. I met her in Europe one summer when she made me feel as if I had never really seen Switzerland before. She once invited me to visit Niagara Falls with her when it was reported that the unusual cold weather had made a miracle of frozen foam and rushing waters arrested into silver silence. We went one day and back the next. Through the forty-eight hours her vivid enthusiasm and adventurous spirit never flagged and I felt as if I had been dragged out of a cage.

The beautiful countryside of western New York constantly intrigued her and the village of Wyoming became imbued with her public-spirited plans for its development, with her experiments and inventions in farming and in landscape gardening, in housekeeping, in building, in education, in short in the enlargement of living, always overflowing into the beauty of the country round about her.

In our effort at this moment to find solace for our overwhelming grief, we are only responding to an old habit when, in the midst of our desolation, we turn to her for words of

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comfort. She once wrote what she called in the poem a "lonely call":

Where art thou now who yesterday wert here
With loving smile and ready word of cheer?
What happy rolling fields of Paradise
Surprise today thy beauty-loving eyes?
We question, but alas! hear no replies.
Silent is earth and dumb the shadowed skies.
And yet we know, we know that all is well,—
That life begins when earth rings out life's knell:
Somewhere she works upon her angel-task
And smiles at questions that we fain would ask.
Perchance today as in the dear old days
She follows us in the familiar ways.
Perchance her angel to our hearts has brought
This flood of tender, loving, longing thought.

CANON SAMUEL A. BARNETT

CHAPTER XI

CANON SAMUEL A. BARNETT

Memorial address given
to the
AMERICAN FEDERATION OF SETTLEMENTS

A memorial tablet to Canon Barnett has been placed in Westminster Abbey on which the bronze repeats the advice so dearly familiar to his friends, "Fear Not to Sow Because of the Birds." In high relief at the right end of the tablet stands forth a sower, the free gesture in the sweep of his arm reminiscent of Millet. Through the dress of a British farmer one recognizes the figure and head of Canon Barnett as if careless of ecclesiasticism even in the beloved abbey itself and eager to give the hard English soil one more sowing. While I stood looking at it one evening, stirred by its message and its beauty, yet daring to question a little the admixture of portraiture and symbolism, a working woman

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waiting near the organ loft to lead home her blind son, kindly explained the tablet to me. She told me that before he was made a Canon of Westminster, he had lived with the very poor in Whitechapel and of course understood the difficulties of working people so that all of those responsible for keeping in order the abbey and the close "liked him the best."

As the rest of the world, she associated Canon Barnett with East London although she could not have known the difficulties he encountered there nor that they all proved but a stimulus to his ingenuity and resourcefulness. He was a Vicar of St. Jude's in Whitechapel when Toynbee Hall—the pioneer University Settlement—through his efforts was opened at Christmas time in 1884. The year before at a great meeting held at Balliol College, Oxford, Samuel Barnett had made an impassioned appeal on behalf of those masses of the people in the East End of London "who live without knowledge, without hope, and almost without health." Because Arnold Toynbee's old rooms at Wadham's College in the early eighties still constituted a center for much spirited talk in philosophy and eco-

Canon Samuel A. Barnett

nomics, a group of men to whom the place was long familiar met there after Canon Barnett's great sermon, and out of their aroused consciences and their tender memories of Arnold Toynbee's great hopes for the people, the plans for the first settlement emerged.

This academic origin was reflected in the very structure of Toynbee Hall, which was built around a quadrangle, reminiscent of Oxford as were also its library, its commons and general appointments. The young men who responded to Canon Barnett's clarion call and later actually went to live in what one of them described as "the strange and dim outer world of East London," were not asked to give allegiance to any program of social reform nor did Canon Barnett appeal to self-sacrifice, or perhaps it was that he made the appeal completely, for one of the early Toynbee Hall men once said to me, "The warden insists that we must sacrifice the very feeling that we are sacrificing."

Canon Barnett put his faith in men rather than in measures, and considered personal contact with poverty as the indispensable method of approach. Although he gave much time

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and effort to remedial legislation, he believed that the value of laws to a community lies not so much in their intrinsic merits as in their administration, and that this in turn depends upon personal qualities. He told the Oxford men that the English parish system, which had assumed people of sufficient leisure and ability to carry through the administration of civil affairs and to contribute to the education and social welfare of the whole, had broken down in East London. Each parish in the poorer areas was inhabited only by the very poor. All of those who had obtained better positions in the world had incontinently moved to other districts. He asked the Oxford men to go into East London with him, not in order to patronize the poor people for whom life was already overburdened, nor primarily to teach them. He asked them to go there in order to become the good citizens without which crowded cities are unable to keep even the mere forms of self-government. He expected them to take up the social and civic duties which must be undertaken by someone if cultural forces are to find channels and instruments through which they can reach

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those who have every right to their beneficence.

Perhaps Canon Barnett's greatest achievements came through the power which he possessed of setting men into right spiritual relations to one another, and certainly this is what he attempted to do from his very first advocacy of the settlement, stoutly insisting that the human gains would be reciprocal.

The young Samuel Barnett could not possibly have foreseen that the problems of the working class would in the coming years absorb the interest of economists and publicists, that they would afford the paramount issues in Parliament, and that in less than half a century a political party would come into power committed to their understanding and remedy; but if he had known these things he could, in point of fact, have given no better advice to young men ambitious to get on in the world than that they should make themselves familiar with the daily living of working people. When I was in London, in 1915, on a public mission, two of its leading citizens who granted interviews, I had known years before when they were young men residing in

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settlements: Herbert Asquith, at that time Prime Minister, and Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London.

The earlier groups of residents were involved more or less directly in the great dockers' strike, which brought the conditions of the ill-paid and submerged so vividly before the English nation in a sharp crisis of unemployment; in the episode of "Jack, the Ripper"; in the first careful research into industrial conditions resulting in Charles Booth's epoch-making volumes. In the development of the English social movement through three stirring decades, the Warden of Toynbee Hall constantly urged "requisite knowledge." He pointed out the irreparable mischief men of good will had done, through their ignorance, with social schemes which had made no appreciable difference to the dwarfed and mutilated lives in the East End. He urged the responsibility of the government and the municipality to provide a minimum of education, recreation and of comfort for the whole population; to give to all citizens the basic opportunity for a civilized life, even although it might require for some of

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them an insurance against unemployment and pensions for old age. He was much too pragmatic, however, not to see with increasing indignation, the havoc of character, the sordid shifts and struggles for which large public funds and the competition of charitable and religious agencies was responsible. He therefore longed to bring into East London not, primarily, new schemes or funds, but sympathetic people ready to make friends with the poor and to draw them out of their narrow environment. For it was, after all, the daily life of the sodden hopeless adults which he found most heartbreaking. Because of his passionate devotion to education and to the affairs of the mind Canon Barnett carried on an unceasing effort to make University Extension teaching more sympathetic and to devise new methods of imparting modern thought and culture to those so absolutely shut off from access to them. He welcomed the erection of mosaic—copies of great pictures—in the fronts of public buildings which might suggest “thoughts and hopes to passersby,” as Watt’s beautiful mosaic in the front of St. Jude’s had done for many years; he arranged

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traveling parties to the great historic spots in England and on the continent; he constantly secured oratorios and picture exhibits for the poorer parts of London; he used all the suggestions of a fertile intellect to make the national holidays more truly recreative. It was largely due to his unceasing efforts that a permanent art gallery was established in the East End and a free library on Mile End Road. Many of these larger enterprises could not have been procured without the help of a group of public-spirited citizens living in the district at Toynbee Hall.

Throughout the years his brilliant wife aided and abetted a multitude of good works. She was serving under Octavia Hill as a lady rent-collector when she met the young curate who had recently refused a living near his beloved Oxford that he might take a parish in the neglected East End of London. Through many years it became her joy to supplement his amazing initiative by what she was pleased to call her "lesser gift for carrying on," so to fuse her energy and enthusiasm for social reform with his that in the vicarage of St. Jude's, in Toynbee Hall, in the canon's house

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in Bristol, or in the close of Westminster Abbey, it is difficult to separate their achievements one from the other. In that district of "uninhabitable habitations" they purchased some of the worst tenement property, remodeling it into houses both for artisans and unskilled laborers. The East End Dwellings Company finally emerged from this effort, as did open spaces and playgrounds in slowly increasing numbers, and eventually the Garden City suburb itself founded by Mrs. Barnett—now Dame Henrietta Barnett—on Hampstead Heath. They inaugurated flower shows for the East End, and they were the first people anywhere to institute a plan for systematically sending children into the country for the holidays. They must have felt repaid for much effort when one of the children wrote back: "There are no strikes out here although there are very many wasps."

It is said that Canon Barnett's greatness lay in his sense of direction so that those who knew him well knew that they could steer by him as if he were a spiritual instrument. There is an inherent danger in continuing to follow the advice of those who are no longer in touch

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with the living world, but it is a testimony to the sound understanding which Canon Barnett possessed that at this moment when new social problems are emerging, or rather when those to which he devoted so much thought and energy are assuming new shapes and insistently pressing for solution, his advice is still sane and vital.

A case in point is the present tendency to regard as obnoxious and to subject to prompt repression, all divergence from the orthodox political faiths or social creeds. We are glad to remember that Canon Barnett declared himself unequivocally against government by repression. One of his most scathing descriptions of the East End was, "This police controlled district, where education by mother and by schoolmaster, by policeman and by opinion, is education by repression. . . . It is no wonder that men and women are dwarfed, ugly and worn." Although often a sharp disciplinarian and quite willing to have the poor suffer from the results of their own folly, the discipline element in the administration of relief, at times, gave him grave doubts. He once wrote to his brother, "More and more I

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come to see that man has no call to punish man. He always fails in the attempt and his claim destroys him. Man must educate man but never assume the superior place of a condemner."

Another contemporary situation, for which we may seek spiritual direction from him, is the current attempt to label large bodies of men with obnoxious names and then to treat the men themselves as the public thinks the doctrines indicated by the labels deserve to be treated. It is as if our social judgment were insensibly falling back into those ancient categories which once divided men according to race or religion, whereupon they were harshly judged by men of other races or religions who applied their widely differing standards with much self-righteousness, but with no understanding. Canon Barnett stated over and over again that the only genuine service to men was to give each one the chance of helping himself by the power of that which was best within him and that the discovery of this power must come through the knowledge and sympathy of personal friendship and could come in no other way. It is part of our present tendency

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to fear the spread of false doctrines even more than we fear a curtailment of freedom in the expression of opinion and the fatal extinction of those variations with which new growth begins. Canon Barnett, to quote from his wife, in all matters "trusted God more than he feared the Devil" and so was intrepid in the spreading of opinion.

Perhaps in a special sense the residents in contemporary settlements need at this moment to direct their course by his findings. Settlements have long passed the prophetic stage and have now fallen under criticism. It is openly suggested that they have fulfilled their mission and their best friends agree that they have shown their limitations. But this lessening enthusiasm is in a sense the result of success and not of failure. Settlements have become part of the established order of things and as such partake of the inevitable flatness of the commonplace. It may be well for those of us who still live in them to remember that, although Canon Barnett belonged to a generation which, knowing the triumphs of machinery, was impatient for a machine which should also deal with poverty, he was never

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content with institutions nor with the established philanthropic routine but was always ready to lead a revolution if need be against his own successes. He developed the faculty of feeling the moment when a movement is outworn, when the method must be changed.

In spite of Canon Barnett's long identification with East London, where I saw him often, incidents connected with two other places remain even more vividly in my memory. One of them was at Bristol during a time he was in residence there as canon of the cathedral. We had gone to walk in Nightingale Valley, where the exquisite quality of sylvan beauty which seems to belong preëminently to English woodland was heightened by the long-enduring twilight and the multitude of homing birds, hushing their insistent twittering as if they too were listening to the song of the nightingale which was at the moment sustaining the traditions of the valley with transcendent success. I was moved to ask Canon Barnett concerning his reaction "to all this" in contrast to Whitechapel. He replied that while as canon of Bristol he had three months of "this" each year, that he had also been ap-

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pointed a curate to St. Jude's that he might serve the East End for the remaining nine months and perhaps yet realize the plans in which he had uninterrupted faith. He counted much upon the relationships he might be able to establish through the humbler capacity in the parish where he had so long served as vicar. He set forth his faith in salvation through loving kindness, in strength through understanding with such humility, such piety, such yearning to know more fully the hard lot of the poor, that I had a sudden conviction that the beauty of holiness is a real thing, that to walk humbly with God is a human achievement so beautiful as to be congruous even with the song of the nightingale and with evening light shining through the boles of trees. I was further convinced that it was not inevitable that we should always experience a peculiar disappointment, a sense of conspicuous failure when human nature inadvertently measures itself against a moment of poignant beauty in the outer world.

As we emerged from a ravine into the hard streets of Bristol, Canon Barnett pointed to a large house outside the city looming distantly

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through the night and told me that the man who lived there spent all his time hunting, ranging from birds in Scotland to big game in Africa, that he cared nothing for the cottages on his estate which had so shocked me that morning. Canon Barnett then added, "From my point of view, his lack of social responsibility is as much of a disgrace to me, a servant of the church, as are the wretched homeless men who sleep in the Commercial street doorways; or the long hours of grinding toil that result in absolute destruction of the human mind; or the stupidity and hardness of heart that proclaim a willingness to settle the problem of capital and labor by bullets."

That same evening I heard him talk with a group of Bristol dockers, amiably agreeing with them that to abolish the canons might well be the first step in democratizing the church, but no man there doubted his love for that church, nor his faith in her future, when he said to the men that he would be most willing to see working men ruling her if they would but be fed by her.

I was on my way back from the Paris Exposition where I had served as a juror in the

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department of Social Economics. My mind was full of a book much read in France in the summer of 1900, "L'Imperieuse Bonté," whose author I have now forgotten, but whose contention that the passion to serve mankind may be as imperative as any other and sufficiently powerful to inhibit egotistic impulses and ambitions, seemed to be amazingly exemplified in this man.

Another association with Canon Barnett's memory quite outside of East London is in Oxford at Barnett House, the memorial erected to him in the midst of the old established colleges. There is a great vitality about it, expressed through the large groups of working men who come to utilize its library and its tutorial classes, through the vigorous workingmen's societies, whose Oxford headquarters for groups scattered throughout the British Isles are housed there. It is all vaguely reminiscent—as the cap and gown dimly suggest the monk's habit—of the breaking into sacred precincts by another class which years ago created the university itself. As the laity then insisted that knowledge be shared with them, the working man is now making a simi-

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lar demand. Perhaps the present generation of Oxford men are a little uneasy at times as their medieval predecessors had been in the presence of those minds "who find their happiest exercise not along the beaten track but in self-guided speculation and inquiry." But one finds no trace of such uneasiness in Barnett House, only a readiness to help forward every inquiring mind, self-trained though it be, as if Canon Barnett's belief that "the revelation of God to our time comes by knowledge" was the orthodox creed of the House bearing his name, or was at least accepted as the dictum of a pious founder.

At a reception in Barnett House, I found the rooms crowded with scholars and trades unionists, a combination which we ought easily to find in the United States but which in point of fact is more often seen in England. The fine white head of the Poet Laureate rose above the shaved head of the resolute young miner who had come up for a term at Ruskin College and was a little too determined not to be frightened by anything Oxford might offer.

I envied for our universities the friendly discussion and the fine library to which almost

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every scholar there had contributed, and above all the young working man in charge of the Workers' Education Association who had his office on the top floor of Barnett House. At the luncheon, in the beautiful dining hall of All Souls and later in the garden of Balliol, where the genial master urged us to pluck mulberries, either from the tree planted by Queen Elizabeth or from the two daughter trees, according to one's preference in centuries and mulberries, I was constantly teased by the thought that, of course, Oxford must be superior to us in tradition and beauty, but why did we allow it to eclipse us in friendly relations to working men, in freedom of discussion and in daring experiments in adult education? We can justly say in our defense that American universities are filled with the children of working men, that it would be as absurd to build them special colleges as it would be to erect the Toynbee Hall student hostels; that dozens of promising young people leave our neighborhoods every year for the best institutions of learning. But in spite of all this we sorely need the activity which is stated as one of the aims of Barnett House, that of "pro-

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moting educational conferences and inquiries with reference to adult education in political, social, and economic questions." How may we stir ourselves to discontent that so much current education on these questions is derived from partisan newspapers, misinformed reporters, unbalanced propagandists, and homesick refugees?

Is it that we lack what Canon Barnett so abundantly possessed—trust in God, unresting search for knowledge combined with tolerance and persistence and above all with courage and good will? May we remember these sterling qualities as we echo the words spoken in Toynbee Hall at the memorial service: "He served God, he served mankind, he served the state, he served us, his remote followers." May we add what one of our own fellow countrymen has said: "The dead are not dead if we have loved them truly, if in our own lives we give them immortality, take up the work they have left unfinished, preserve the treasures they have won, and round out the circuit of their being to the fulness of an ampler orbit."

EARLY REACTIONS TO DEATH

CHAPTER XII

EARLY REACTIONS TO DEATH

WE have so long been taught that the temples and tombs of ancient Egypt are the very earliest of the surviving records of ideas and men that we approach them with a certain sense of familiarity, quite ready to claim a share in these "family papers and title deeds of the race." But we are scarcely prepared to find that the Egyptians were endlessly pre-occupied with death, constantly portraying man's earliest efforts to defeat it, his eager desire to survive and to enter by force or guile into the heavens of the western sky. The mind of the traveler is thus pushed back into earliest childhood when the existence of the soul, its exact place of residence in the body, its experience immediately after death had so often afforded material for the crudest speculation.

* Much of the material in this chapter was used in "The Long Road of Woman's Memory," published by The Macmillan Company in 1916.

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The obscure renewal of these childish fancies reproduces a state of consciousness which has so absolutely passed into oblivion that only the most powerful stimuli could revive it.

This revival doubtless occurs more easily because these early records in relief and color not only suggest in their subject-matter that a child has been endowed with sufficient self-consciousness to write down his own state of mind upon a wall, but also, because of the very primitive style of drawing to which the Egyptians adhered long after they had acquired a high degree of artistic freedom, as the most natural technique through which to convey so simple a message. The square shoulders of the men, the stairways done in profile, and a hundred other details, constantly remind one of a child's drawings. It is as if the Egyptians had painstakingly portrayed everything that a child has felt in regard to death, and, having during the process gradually discovered the style of drawing naturally employed by a child, had deliberately stiffened it into an unchanging convention. The result is that the traveler reading in these drawings, which stretch the length of three thousand years, the

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long endeavor to overcome death, finds that the experience of the two—the child and the primitive people—often become confused, or rather that they are curiously interrelated.

This experience begins from the moment the traveler discovers that the earliest tombs in Egypt, the mastabas—which resemble the natural results of a child's first efforts to place one stone upon another—are concerned only with size, as if that early crude belief in the power of physical bulk to protect the terrified human being against all shadowy evils were absolutely instinctive and universal. The mastabas gradually developed into the pyramids, of which Breasted says, "They are a silent but eloquent expression of the supreme endeavor to achieve immortality by sheer physical force." They became a demonstration that death can be defied and shut out by massive defenses.

Certainly we can all remember, when death itself, or stories of ghosts, had come to our intimate child's circle, that we went about saying to ourselves that we were "not afraid," that it "could not come here," that "this was a big house."

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In the presence of these primitive attempts to defeat death, and without the conscious aid of memory, I found myself living over the emotions of a child six years old, saying some such words as I sat on the middle of the stairway in my own home, which yet seemed alien because all the members of the family had gone to the funeral of a relative and would not be back until evening, "long after you are in bed," they had said. In this moment of loneliness and horror I depended absolutely upon the blank wall of the stairway to keep out the prowling terror, and neither the talk of kindly Polly who awkwardly reduced an unwieldy theology to a child's language, nor the string of paper dolls cut by a visitor, gave me the slightest comfort. Only the blank wall of the stairway seemed to afford protection in this bleak moment against the formless peril.

Even when the traveler sees that the Egyptians defeated their object by the very success of the Gizeh pyramids—for when their overwhelming bulk could not be enlarged and their bewildering labyrinths could not be multiplied, effort along that line perforce ceased

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—there is something in the next step of the Egyptians to overcome death which the child within us again recognizes as an old experience. The texts which were inscribed on the inner walls of the pyramids and the early tombs show that the familiar terror of death is still there although expressed somewhat more subtly; that the Egyptians are trying to outwit death by magic tricks.

These texts are designed to teach the rites that redeem a man from death and insure his continuance of life, not only beyond the grave but in the grave itself. "He who says this chapter and who has been justified in the waters of Natron, he shall come forth the day after his burial." Because to recite them was to fight successfully against the enemies of the dead, these texts came to be inscribed on tombs and on coffins.

Access to Paradise and all its joys was granted to anyone, good or bad, who knew the formulæ, for in the first stages of Egyptian development, as in all other civilizations, the gods did not concern themselves with the conduct of a man toward other men, but solely with his duty to the gods themselves.

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When I found myself curiously sympathetic with the eager emphasis attached by the Egyptians to their magic formulæ, I was inclined to put it down to that secret sympathy with magic by means of which all children, in moments of rebellion against a humdrum world, hope to wrest something thrilling out of the environing realm of the supernatural; but beyond a kinship with this desire to placate the evil one, to overcome him by mysterious words, I found it baffling to trace my sympathy to a definite experience. Gradually, however, it emerged, blurred in certain details, surprisingly alive in others, but all of it suffused with the selfsame emotions which impelled the Egyptian to write his Book of the Dead.

To describe it as a spiritual struggle is to use much too dignified and definite a term; it was the prolonged emotional stress throughout one cold winter when revival services were held in the village church night after night. I was, of course, not permitted to attend them but I heard them talked about a great deal by simple adults and children who told of those who shouted aloud for joy or lay

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on the floor "stiff with power" because they were saved; and of others—it was for those others that my heart was wrung—who, although they wrestled with the spirit until midnight and cried aloud that they felt the hot breath of hell upon their cheeks, could not find salvation. I anxiously asked myself, what were these words that made such a difference; they must certainly be in the Bible somewhere, and if one read it out loud all through, every word, one must surely say the right words in time; but if one died before one was grown up enough to read the Bible through—to-night, for instance—what would happen then? Surely nothing else could be so important as these words of salvation.

Perhaps because it is so impossible to classify one's own childish experiences or to put them into chronological order, the traveler at no time feels a lack of consistency in the complicated attitude toward death which is portrayed on the walls of the Egyptian temples and tombs. Much of it seems curiously familiar; from the earliest times the Egyptians held the belief that there is in man a permanent element which survives—it is the double,

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the Ka, the natural soul in contradistinction to the spiritual soul, which fits exactly into the shape of the body but is not blended with it. In order to save this double from destruction, the body must be preserved in a recognizable form.

This insistence upon the preservation of the body among the Egyptians, antedating their faith in magic formulæ, clearly had its origin, as in the case of the child, in a desperate revolt against the destruction of the visible man. Such confidence did the Egyptians have in their own increasing ability to withhold the human frame from destruction that many of the texts inscribed on the walls of the tombs assure the dead man himself that he is not dead, and endeavor to convince his survivors against the testimony of their own senses; or rather, they attempt to deceive the senses. The texts endlessly repeat the same assertion, "Thou comest not dead to thy sepulchre, thou comest living"; and yet the very reiteration, as well as the decorations upon the walls of every tomb, portray a primitive terror lest after all the body be destroyed and the element of life be lost forever. One's throat goes

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dry over this old fear of death expressed by men who have been so long dead that there is no record of them but this, no surviving document of their reactions to life.

Doubtless the Egyptians in time overcame this primitive fear concerning the disappearance of the body, as we all do, although each individual is destined to the same devastating experience. The memory of mine came back to me vividly as I stood in an Egyptian tomb: I was a tiny child making pothooks in the village school, when one day—it must have been in the full flush of Spring, for I remember the crabapple blossoms—during the afternoon session, the A B C class was told that its members would march all together to the burial of the mother of one of the littlest girls. Of course I had been properly taught that people went to heaven when they died and that their bodies were buried in the cemetery, but I was not at all clear about it and I was certainly totally unprepared to see what appeared to be the little girl's mother herself put deep down into the ground. The knowledge came to me so suddenly and brutally that for weeks afterwards the days were heavy with a nameless

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oppression and the nights were filled with horror.

From the schoolhouse to the cemetery, each child carefully holding the hand of another, we had been led to the edge of the open grave. Our poor knees quaked and quavered as we stood shelterless and unattended by family protection or even by friendly grown-ups; for the one tall teacher, while clearly visible, seemed inexpressibly far away as we kept an uncertain footing on the freshly spaded earth, hearing the preacher's voice, the sobs of the motherless children, and crowning horror of all, the hollow sound of three clods of earth dropped impressively upon the coffin lid.

After endless ages the service was over and we were allowed to go down the long hill into the familiar life of the village. But a new terror awaited me even there, for the last of my way home was solitary. I remember a breathless run past the length of our lonely orchard until the carriage-house came in sight, through whose wide-open doors I could see a man moving about. One last panting effort brought me there, and after my spirit had been slightly reassured by conversation, I took a circuitous

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route to the house that I might secure as much companionship as possible on the way. I stopped at the stable to pat an old horse who stood munching in his stall, and again to throw a handful of corn into the poultry yard. The big turkey gobbler who came greedily forward gave me great comfort because he was so absurd and awkward that no one could possibly associate him with anything so solemn as death. I went into the kitchen where the presiding genius allowed me to come without protest although the family dog was at my heels. I felt constrained to keep my arms about his shaggy neck while trying to talk of familiar things—would the cake she was making be baked in the little round tins or in the big square one? But although these idle words were on my lips, I wanted to cry out, "Their mother is dead; whatever, whatever will the children do?" These words, which I had overheard as we came away from the graveyard, referred doubtless to the immediate future of the little family, but in my mind were translated into a demand for definite action on the part of the children against this horrible thing which had befallen their mother.

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It was with no sense of surprise that I found this long-forgotten experience spread before my eyes on the walls of a tomb built four thousand years ago into a sandy hill above the Nile, at Assuan. The man so long dead, who had prepared the tomb for himself, had carefully ignored the grimness of death. He is portrayed as going about his affairs surrounded by his family, his friends, his servants; grain is being measured before him into his warehouse, while a scribe by his side registers the amount; the herdsmen lead forth cattle for his inspection; two of them, enraged bulls, paying no attention to the somber implication of tomb decoration, lower their huge heads, threatening each other as if there were no such thing as death in the world. Indeed, the builder of the tomb seems to have liked the company of animals, perhaps because they were so incurious concerning death. His dogs are around him, he stands erect in a boat from which he spears fish, and so on from one marvelous representation to another, but all the time your heart contracts for him, and you know that in the midst of this elaborately prepared nonchalance he is miserably terri-

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fied by the fate which may be in store for him, and is trying to make himself believe that he need not leave all this wonted homely activity; that if his body is but properly preserved he will be able to enjoy it forever.

In the tombs of the eighteenth dynasty the paintings portray a great hall, at the end of which sits Osiris, the god who had suffered death on earth, awaiting those who come before him for judgment. In the center of the hall stands a huge balance in which the hearts of men are weighed, once more reminiscent of a childish conception, making clear that as the Egyptians became more anxious and scrupulous they gradually made the destiny of man dependent upon morality, and finally directed the souls of men to heaven or hell according to their merits. There is a theory that the tremendous results of good and evil, in the earliest awakening to them, were first placed in the next world by a primitive people sore perplexed as to the partialities and injustices of mortal life. This simple view is doubtless the one the child naturally takes. In Egypt I was so vividly recalled to my first apprehension of it that the contention that the very be-

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lief in immortality is but the postulate of the idea of reward and retribution, seemed to me at the moment a perfectly reasonable one.

The incident of my childhood around which it had formulated itself was very simple. I had been sent with a message—an important commission it seemed to me—to the leader of the church choir that the hymn selected for the doctor's funeral was "How blest the righteous when he dies." The village street was so strangely quiet under the summer sun that even the little particles of dust beating in the hot air were more noiseless than ever before. Frightened by the noonday stillness and instinctively seeking companionship, I hurried toward two women who were standing at a gate talking in low tones. In their absorption they paid no attention to my somewhat wistful greeting, but I heard one of them say with a dubious shake of the head that "he had never openly professed nor joined the church," and in a moment I understood that she thought the doctor would not go to heaven. What else did it mean, that half-threatening tone? Of course the doctor was good, as good as anyone could be. Only a few weeks before he had given me

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a new penny when he had pulled my tooth, and once I heard him drive by in the middle of the night when he took a beautiful baby to the miller's house; he went to the farms miles and miles away when people were sick, and everybody sent for him the minute they were in trouble. How could anyone be better than that?

In defiant contrast to the whispering women, there arose in my mind, composed doubtless of various Bible illustrations, the picture of an imposing white-robed judge seated upon a golden throne, who listened gravely to all those good deeds as they were read by the recording angel from his great book, and then sent the doctor straight to heaven.

This state of mind, this mood of truculent discussion, was recalled by the wall paintings in the tomb of a nobleman in the Theban hills. In an agonized posture he awaits the outcome of his trial before Osiris. Thoth, the true scribe, records on the wall the just balance between the heart of the nobleman, which is in one pan of the scale, and the feather of truth which is in the other. The noble ap-

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peals to his heart, which has thus been separated from him, to stand by him during the weighing and not to bear testimony against him. "Oh, heart of my existence, rise not up against me; be not an enemy against me before the divine powers; thou art my Ka that is in my body, the heart that came to me from my mother." The noble even tries a bribe by reminding the Ka that his own chance of survival is dependent on his testimony at this moment. The entire effort on the part of the man being tried is to still the voice of his own conscience, to maintain stoutly his innocence even to himself.

The attitude of the self-justifying noble might easily have suggested those later childish struggles in which a sense of hidden guilt, of repeated failure in "being good," plays so large a part and humbles a child to the very dust. That the definite reminiscence evoked by the tomb belonged to an earlier period of rebellion may indicate that the Egyptian had not yet learned to commune with his gods for spiritual refreshment.

Whether it is that the long days and magical nights on the Nile lend themselves to a

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revival of former states of consciousness, or that I had fallen into a profoundly reminiscent mood, I am unable to state; but certainly as the Nile boat approached nearer to him "who sleeps in Philae," something of the Egyptian feeling for Osiris, the god to whom was attributed the romance of a hero and the character of a benefactor and redeemer, came to me through long-forgotten sensations. Typifying the annual "great affliction," Osiris, who had submitted himself to death, returned each Spring when the wheat and barley sprouted, bringing not only a promise of bread for the body but healing and comfort for the torn mind; an intimation that death itself is beneficent and may be calmly accepted as a necessary part of an ordered universe. Perhaps too that fugitive sense of having lived before was nearer to the fresher imaginations of the Egyptians, as it is nearer to the minds of children.

Again there came a faint memory of a child's first apprehension that there may be poetry out-of-doors, of the discovery that myths have a foundation in natural phenomena, and at last a more definite reminiscence. I

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saw myself a child of twelve standing stock-still on the edge of a broad-flowing river with a little red house surrounded by low-growing willows on its opposite bank, striving to account to myself for a curious sense of familiarity, for a conviction that I had long ago known it all most intimately although I had certainly never seen the Mississippi River before. I remember that, much puzzled, at last I gravely concluded that it was one of those intimations of immortality that Wordsworth had written about in our school book of selected readings.

Such ghosts of reminiscence, coming to the individual as he visits one after another of the marvelous human documents on the banks of the Nile, may be merely manifestations of that new humanism which is perhaps the most precious possession of this generation, the belief that no altar at which living men have once devoutly worshiped, no oracle to whom a nation long ago appealed in its moments of dire confusion, no gentle myth in which former generations have found solace, can lose all significance for us, the survivors.



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